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Graduate School

Thesis

The Reaction Against Naturalism As Represented By Romain Rolland

Submitted by

Miriam Lucile Bucknell

A. B. Bates, 1918

In partial fulfilment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Arts

1929

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The Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Romain Rolland

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| | Editor | mentioned in his letter |
| | Boston Globe | One half hour |
| Personal interview | Marion Bowler | Friend of Romain Rolland |
| | | Professor of French Literature |
| | | Two hours |

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1924

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Folio book

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French of Roman Holland
Reviewed in his letter
One half hour

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Editor
Bacon House

Personal interview

French of Roman Holland
Reviewed in French Literature
Two hours

Lucien Price

Personal interview

Copy of a letter sent to Romain Rolland

90 Main Street
Leominster, Mass.,
January 28, 1928.

Monsieur Romain Rolland,
Homme de lettres,
Aux soins de
"La Société des Gens de Lettres"
10 Cité Rougemont, Paris, France.

Mon cher Monsieur Rolland,

Cette année, je travaille à l'Université de Boston pour mon grade universitaire de "Maître ès Arts." Comme le français est mon sujet principal, je dois, pour obtenir mon diplôme, écrire une thèse sur un littérateur français.

Bien que, jusqu'à ce moment, je n'aie pas lu tous vos travaux, ceux que j'ai étudiés m'ont beaucoup impressionnée, et j'ai choisi pour le sujet de ma thèse, "La Réaction contre le Naturalisme telle qu'elle est Représentée par Romain Rolland."

J'admire beaucoup votre livre "Au Dessus de la Mêlée" qu'on a si mal compris pendant la guerre mondiale; je ne peux pas vous dire combien j'apprécie votre courage en soutenant vos idées et votre vision de fraternité universelle qui y est représentée.

C'est la seule vérité et elle viendra définitivement au monde à mesure qu'il en percevra l'efficacité.

Mais, Monsieur Rolland, est-ce-que notre attitude peut être la même envers les personnes qui ne comprennent pas ces idéals et ne les désirent pas? Si un voisin entre dans notre maison, maltraite nos enfants et s'empare de nos biens, n'est-il pas plus sage de se

Group of a father and a mother walking

30 East Street
London, E.C. 1
January 21, 1903

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Holland,
I have the pleasure
to acknowledge the receipt
of your letter of the 19th inst.

and am glad to hear

that you are all well. I am
very glad to hear that you
are all well and hope
that you will continue to be
so for many years to come.

I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.
I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.

I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.
I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.

I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.
I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.

I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.
I am sure that you will
continue to be well and
happy for many years to come.

mettre à son niveau et de lui montrer sa place par la force? Faut-il nous asseoir tranquillement et lui permettre de saccager notre maison, ou devons-nous essayer de la protéger?

Je désire ardemment les mêmes choses que vous, mais comment pouvons-nous faire accepter notre point de vue aux autres?

C'est le problème qui me rend perplexe. Je n'ai pas encore trouvé de solution définie ou immédiate dans "Au-dessus de la Mêlée," quoique je réalise que, peu à peu, par des moyens d'éducation tels que la Conférence Internationale de la Paix et la Cour du Monde, cela arrivera. Même moi, comme professeur d'école, je peux apporter chaque jour mon tribut.

En ce moment je traduis "Jean Christophe," et je le suis avec un vif intérêt dans ses luttes et ses recherches pour la vérité et la liberté.

J'aime beaucoup la musique. C'est une autre raison pour laquelle je serai très contente de lire vos biographies des musiciens. Je ne puis m'empêcher de souffrir avec vous dans vos aspirations poignants à être compris. Moi, aussi, j'ai éprouvé les mêmes sentiments tant de fois. Cependant, quand nous savons que par nos doutes, nos efforts à tâtons et nos expériences, nous pouvons tendre une main secourable aux autres et apporter à leur coeur un peu de lumière, nous devons en être reconnaissants.

J'essaie avec ardeur d'apprendre ce qui est la vérité. Dans la même esprit avec lequel vous avez écrit, il y a des années, à Tolstoi, je vous écris aujourd'hui parceque je vous admire pour

... à son niveau et de lui montrer sa place par la force
... à nous assister tranquillement et lui permettre de passer
... nous, on deviens tout à fait sage de la situation
... la dérive en attendant les autres choses que vous, mais comment
... nous-mêmes faire quelque chose pour les autres ?
... C'est la question qui se pose maintenant. Je n'ai pas encore
trouvé de solution définitive ou satisfaisante dans "Au-delà de la
réalité", quoique je réalise que, pour à peu, par les moyens d'éduc-
tion tels que la Conférence Internationale de la Paix et la Ligue
des Nations, cela arrivera. Mais moi, comme professeur d'école, je
peux proposer quelque chose pour moi-même.
En ce moment je travaille "Jean Christophe", et je le suis avec
un vif intérêt dans mes heures de loisir et pour la vérité et
la liberté.
L'autre personne à laquelle j'ai écrit une lettre pour la-
quelle je serai très reconnaissant de lire vos observations est maintenant
la ne puis m'arrêter de réfléchir avec vous dans vos aspirations
concernant à être contents. Moi, aussi, j'ai éprouvé les mêmes sen-
timents tout de suite. Cependant, quand nous savons que nos
hommes, nos efforts à l'étranger et nos expériences, nous pouvons donner
une autre contribution aux autres et surtout à leur cœur, un peu de
lumière, nous devons en être reconnaissants.
L'autre avec lequel j'appréhende quelque chose est la vérité. Je
la sais aussi avec lequel vous avez écrit. Il y a des moments, à
Teléfol, je vous écris souvent, mais parcourez le votre, et vous

vos idéals et pour votre vision.

Est-ce-que je suis trop présomptueuse en vous demandant quelques mots d'encouragement et aussi un message que je puisse insérer dans ma thèse? Cela aurait pour moi beaucoup plus de valeur que je ne peux dire.

Jusqu'à la fin de l'année scolaire, en juin, j'ai l'intention de consacrer presque tout mon temps à l'étude de votre vie et de vos oeuvres, et j'espère vivement une lettre de vous.

J'aurais préféré avoir lu tous vos livres avant de vous écrire, mais il faut tant de jours pour recevoir une réponse de France, que je ne dois pas attendre plus longtemps.

Veillez accepter, Monsieur, mes sentiments les meilleures et ma vive appréciation pour tout ce que vous représentez.

vos idées et pour votre vision.

Enfin, si vous êtes intéressés par ces idées, je vous invite à les lire et à les discuter avec moi. Je suis sûr que vous y trouverez beaucoup de choses intéressantes. Je vous remercie de votre attention et vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute considération.

Je vous prie de croire, Monsieur, que je suis avec vous, de tout coeur, et de toute confiance, et que je suis, avec vous, de tout coeur, et de toute confiance, et que je suis, avec vous, de tout coeur, et de toute confiance.

Je vous prie de croire, Monsieur, que je suis avec vous, de tout coeur, et de toute confiance, et que je suis, avec vous, de tout coeur, et de toute confiance.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES
BOYLSTON AND EXETER STREETS
BOSTON 17

Chère Madame Bucknell,

J'ai lu avec un vif intérêt la lettre que vous écrivez à Romain Rolland. Elle est superbe et fort bien exprimée.

Ah! la solution définitive aux questions brûlantes que vous soulevez! Qui donc, parmi les gens éclairés, n'en souhaite une? Hélas! il en est, de cette solution, comme de tant d'autres noeuds gordiens. Depuis Platon - en passant par Montaigne, Pascal, La Bruyère, Stuart Mill, Tolstoï et Romain Rolland - on la cherche. Le Christ, il est vrai, nous en a donné une. La voici: aimez-vous les uns les autres. Elle est simple, comme tout ce qui est divin, mais elle n'est pas pour nous. Elle irait bien, peut-être, aux habitants de quelque autre planète. Sa simplicité même la rend d'exécution difficile, car elle sous-entend la perfection, et celle-ci est hors de notre portée. Alors quoi? Révons; c'est un bonheur que de rêver, et, en attendant, cultivons notre jardin.

Merci de m'avoir soumis votre lettre, qui m'a plu infiniment.
Votre tout dévoué

Alfred T. M. Debutin

2, RUE BORGHÈSE
NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE

Neuilly 17 février 1928

PT NEUILLY 24-84
NEUILLY 3-78

Madame,

Le choix de votre sujet me semble bon, car il est certain qu'au moment de sa publication, "Jean-Christophe" a représenté une réaction contre le naturalisme, qui a fait plaisir à beaucoup de jeunes Français.

Je sais que pour mon compte je l'ai lu quand j'avais quinze ans ; j'en ai suivi la publication avec émotion et le livre a été, avec Stendhal, un de ceux qui ont eu une grande influence sur moi.

Depuis, je n'ai pas été d'accord avec Romain Rolland sur son attitude politique, mais cela ne m'empêche pas de continuer à l'estimer et à le considérer comme un grand écrivain.

Croyez, je vous prie, à mes sentiments les meilleurs.

16 Fev.
1928.

CHÂTEAU DE MÉDAN
MÉDAN, PAR VILLENNES-SUR-SEINE (S & O.)

Cher Monsieur,

Je ne puis malheureusement être d'aucune utilité 2^e de la thèse sur Romain Rolland. C'est un très honnête homme, un très noble esprit, mais il a été pendant la guerre, une attitude nuisible à l'anti-patriotisme que ceux de ma génération ne peuvent lui pardonner. Comme écrivain, il a écrit de belle, profonde et universelle pages, mais il en a beaucoup trop dites et trop

de plus, dans Jean-Christophe
 par exemple, il y a deux
 tomes de remplissage et il
 faudrait condenser les
 5 volumes en un seul
 pour en faire une œuvre
 de grande classe.

Il faut, après avoir eu
 excessif l'assurance de
 une succession d'idées

Villeneuve (Suisse)

15 mars 1928

Chère Mrs L. Bucknell

Je vous envoie de vous répondre, avec beaucoup
de retard. Je reçois tant de lettres que j'ai
pris tant de tâches qu'il m'est difficile
de faire face à toutes.

Je suis heureux de savoir que vous
avez pris pour sujet de thèse: "la réaction contre
le naturalisme, dans l'œuvre de L.-L."
Ce n'est pas seulement contre le naturalisme
que j'ai eu à réagir. Si vous lisez mon
Introduction à la Vie de Beethoven et
le premier chapitre de ma Vie de Tolstoy,
vous aurez un petit aperçu de la situation

morale de ma génération, en face de la précédente, -
de celle qui régnait entre 1880 & 1900. - Nous
avons réveillé l'héroïsme dans la pensée française.

Mais cet héroïsme ne voulait avoir rien de
commun avec l'idéal oratoire des pièces de Rostand
et des discours à panache, du Parlement. Il avait
pris pour devise ce mot de ma Vie de Michel-Ange:

" Il n'y a qu'un héroïsme au monde: -
c'est de voir le monde tel qu'il est - et
de l'aimer."

A ce mot j'ai tâché de conformer
mon œuvre ma vie.

Pour ce que vous m'écriviez, à
propos des idées de Au dessus de la mêlée, -
ce livre est un recueil d'articles parus dans les
journaux, pendant la guerre: je ne pouvais
exprimer qu'une partie de ma pensée. - Vous
la trouverez plus complète, sur les questions de
la guerre, de la patrie, et de la "Non-Acceptation"
(qu'on appelle fausement, dans le camp adverse,
la "Non-Résistance") vous la trouverez nettement

exprimée dans le roman-méditation Clarambault, dans une vie de Mahatma Gandhi (complétée par une introduction au volume d'articles de Gandhi: Young India). Tous ces livres sont traduits en anglais et publiés aux États-Unis.

J'ai écrit tant d'œuvres, et sur tant de sujets différents, qu'il ne vous est pas possible d'en prendre connaissance maintenant, et qu'il vous serait bien difficile de porter sur elles un jugement d'ensemble. Je vous engage plutôt à le restreindre au côté esthétique et éthique, délimité par le sujet même de votre thèse. Pour cela, la lecture de Jean-Christophe, des Prophètes de Beethoven, Michel-Ange, Tolstoï, du Théâtre du Peuple et de quelques drames, suffit largement.

Si vous avez besoin d'une bonne biographie ^{bibliographie},
 je vous recommande, en attendant celle de Stefan Zweig (je ne sais pas si elle
 est traduite en anglais), - en français, la petite brochure de Jean Bonnerot,
 bibliothécaire à la Sorbonne (aux éditions du Carnet Critique, 1921)

Veuillez croire, chère Mrs. Miriam L. Bucknell,
 à mon cordial dévouement

Romain Rolland

J'ai, à Boston, un de mes amis les plus chers, qui pourra, au besoin, vous donner
 quelques conseils: Lucien Price, qui écrit, au Boston Globe.

The Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Romain Rolland

Significance of the term Naturalism

In beginning a thesis upon a subject pertaining to Romain Rolland I should like to use a quotation which tradition has attributed to Guillaume d'Orange, and which was the motto of Aërt. "Je n'ai pas besoin d'espérer pour entreprendre, ni de réussir pour persévérer."** Before selecting this subject "The Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Romain Rolland," I sought earnestly to find a writer in the French field of literature who was reaching out towards spirituality. A writer who interpreted nature somewhat in the manner of Wordsworth, a writer who had the courage to break away from the former conventional traditions of France, a writer who dared to aspire after the truth for himself, even though he be obliged to remain among the minority.

I finally decided to study the writings of Romain Rolland and to attempt to show how he has broken away from the various conservative ideas of French thought. I wish also to refer to the new fields open to the authors of today which contrast sharply with the theory of Naturalism entertained in the nineteenth century.

The terms Naturalism, Realism, Romanticism, are rather hard to define, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that a person is apt to carry in his mind an extreme type as representative of these various schools.

* Romain Rolland, *L'Homme et son Oeuvre*. Page 41. P. Seippel Libraire Paul Ollendorf, Paris. 1913, third edition.

The Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Henrik Ibsen

Significance of the Term Naturalism

In beginning a thesis upon a subject pertaining to Henrik Ibsen I should like to use a quotation which tradition has attributed to William D'Oroville, and which was the motto of Ibsen. "It is not Ibsen's duty to be an entrepreneur, it is his duty to be a realist." Before selecting this subject "the Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Henrik Ibsen," I sought earnestly to find a writer in the French field of literature who was reaching out towards spiritualism. A writer who interpreted nature somewhat in the manner of Wordsworth, a writer who had the courage to break away from the former conventional traditions of France, a writer who dared to write after the spirit of himself, even though he be obliged to write among the minority. I finally decided to study the writings of Henrik Ibsen and to attempt to show how he has broken away from the various conservative ideas of French thought. I wish also to refer to the new fields open to the science of today which contrast sharply with the theory of Naturalism entertained in the nineteenth century. The terms Naturalism, Realism, Symbolism, and others hard to define, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that a person is apt to carry in his mind an extreme type as representative of these various schools.

As Romanticism was a reaction against the Classicism which preceded it, so in turn is this modern trend a reaction against the Realism which predominated in the latter half of the nineteenth century. As I understand it, Naturalism is a kind of exaggerated Realism, or a concentrated core of Realism which carries the work of scientific analysis to the minutest extreme. It portrays, by exact observations, the details at work, the various effects of environment on character, and this environment tends usually to be sordid and wretched. It clings impersonally to truth as seen by the author. To many readers it is considered morbid and obscene accompanied, with its profusion of details, by a tendency to "mention the unmentionable."

Compared with Realism

The Realistic school pays very little attention to the plot or story element. It merely aims to portray an everyday experience, unenlightened by its deeper significance or spiritual meaning. In fact, it fails to see one. Things are as they are, events follow events just as our everyday common occurrences. It is merely a relating of a person's daily routine enacted close at hand, and the characters are people just like ourselves. Nothing is supposed to be hidden. A character's vices as well as his virtues are depicted in minute detail accompanied by its attending monotony. I have heard it said that it is bad enough to live it without having to read it. To others, however, there is no living it, for back of each trivial event is seen a hidden meaning, a deeper interpretation,

"a reason for being." The whole Realistic movement tends towards pessimism, and this is often disconcerting in its effects. However, the Naturalistic school has made a contribution of real value to the literature of France. It is represented in the various fields of the novel, the drama, and poetry.

The fervent interest of the past has been gradually replaced by a meticulous observation of contemporary society through the steps of Balzac and Merimée. The impersonal Realism was completely achieved by Flaubert who served as a foundation for the theories of Zola and the Naturalistic group.. Flaubert, although he believed that art is an exact reproduction of reality, still retained his belief in art for art's sake. Zola went further, in that he believed that scientific methods of research might be applied to the field of literature with equal success. He believed that the novel should be based not only upon observation but experiment. He depicted by preference the lower classes and the disagreeable side of life. Maupassant and Daudet (the latter sometimes termed a sympathetic realist) continued the portrayal of a somewhat pessimistic view of human nature and contemporary society.

The fields of poetry likewise shows this similar repression of subjective elements. In breaking away from Romanticism, Sainte-Beuve and Gautier represent a mixture of the two schools. The Parnassians, headed by LeConte de Lisle and Heredia, upheld the theory of impersonality and the importance of the idea. Here again the objective tone is predominant.

The Naturalism of the drama was manifested a little later than that of the novel or poetry. Henry Becque was one of the earliest to portray the unpleasant aspects of life and a dark pessimism. The Théâtre Libre brought about a great Realism in stage setting as well as a greater naturalness in the acting. It also brought foreign masters such as Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Tolstoi to the attention of the French public.

The writers of today are revolting, or breaking away, from the cold, minute-detailed objectivity of the Naturalistic movement. P-ierre Loti, Anatole France, and Paul Bourget represent the three forms of revolt against the Naturalistic current, namely: "the exotic, the impressionistic, and the traditional or psychological novel." *

Compared with Idealism

Romain Rolland is one of the most independent and original thinkers among French writers of today. He has taken a stand which is in direct opposition to the conservative ideas of the Naturalistic movement. He is a universal mind. He preaches absolute freedom of thought as well as extreme tolerance. He retains in his novels countless realistic details of an ordinary hum-drum existence, but there is throughout an idealistic interpretation, a spiritual significance, a deeper meaning to the trivial run of even events. This ability to see the hidden meaning of things, to glimpse the truths which they represent, is to place a new motive in life. It creates a glamor which brightens the darkest of

* A Short History of French Literature
by Maxwell Smith
Henry Holt and Co., N.Y. 1924.

Realism, for it shows the very soul. Winchester has expressed it: "It will be noticed that to idealize a thing is not to falsify it; it is rather to give a vivid impression of what is most true and essential in the thing. We are to remember that the ideal is never properly contrasted with the true, or even with the real, but with the actual."*

This quality of Idealism naturally attends the thought of a writer who is constructive and who stands for spiritual rather than material values. It naturally attends the thought of a man who, like Romain Rolland, is breaking away abruptly from conservative, dogmatized beliefs. It likewise attends the thought of a man who, like Romain Rolland, stands for a broad and deep internationalism. To my mind the greater writers seek for the ideals, they seek for the truth, which are the only permanent realities, after all. This very quality promotes faith and gladness. This doctrine maintained by Romain Rolland, so opposed to Naturalism, is buoyant, with a forward look. He is bound by no belief of a political party or a creed. He wishes to promote the spirit of an international friendliness, and above all, to exhort men to remain free in their thought.

* Principles of Literary Criticism, Winchester, Page 134.
Macmillan Co., N.Y. 1925

Early Life of Romain Rolland

Childhood and School Days

Romain Rolland was born January 29, 1866, in the little town of Clamecy, France. He began his studies in the Collège de Clamecy, continuing them later in the Lycée Louis le Grand, where he had for an intimate friend Paul Claudel. Both of these young men, romantic, Wagnerians, revolted against the bourgeois conventions.

Rolland came from French parentage on both sides of the house. On his father's side of the family were many notaries; his mother's family contained magistrates and lawyers.

M. Rolland always had an ardent love for music. His mother gave him his first lessons and he wished to devote his entire life to this field of work; but his father, a well known notary in all that section of the country, sent him to the École Polytechnique. Later, he decided to enter l'École Normale. His tastes inclined him continually to the subjects of literature and philosophy. He was always seeking for a foundation or belief upon which he might establish his life. He was not satisfied. No one could bring him the solution which he desired. He felt alone in his reflections -- without an answer to his inner questionings.

A humbler influence may be traced to his great-grandfather on the paternal side, who was an ardent revolutionist and had an

Early Life of Hermann Kolbe

Childhood and School Days

Hermann Kolbe was born January 29, 1858, in the little town of Glimmer, France. He began his studies in the College of Glimmer, continuing these later in the Lycée Louis le Grand, where he met the famous physicist and chemist, Louis de Broglie, and the famous mathematician, Henri Poincaré, who were both of his teachers.

Kolbe was first French, then German, on both sides of the house. On his father's side of the family was many nobility; his mother's family contained scientists and lawyers.

Kolbe always had an ardent love for music. His mother gave him his first lessons and he wished to devote his entire life to this field of study; but his father, a well known lawyer in all that section of the country, sent him to the local polytechnic. Later, he decided to enter the École Normale. His father insisted his continuing to the study of literature and philosophy. He was always seeking for a foundation or belief upon which he might establish his life. He was not satisfied. No one could bring him the solution which he desired. He felt alone in his reflections -- without an answer to his inner questioning.

A number of influences may be traced to his youth. His father, on the paternal side, who was an ardent revolutionist and had an

absolute mania for writing down everyday what he read, heard, said, ate, and did. Almost the whole of this immense Journal was burned except some fragments relating the events of July 14, 1789, in Paris, where the old man happened to be on his return of the victorious people; but it is said to be in all probability the origin of Olivier's Journal in Jean Christophe in Paris, and more than one helpful suggestion in Romain Rolland's play, Le Quatorze Juillet was obtained from these family papers.

Romain Rolland studied the works of the philosophers representing the beliefs of Socrates, of Empédocle, of Spinoza.

In 1888 during his first year in L'École Normale, after having passed through a state of mysticism, almost buddhistic, he wrote a sort of philosophical confession entitled, Credo Quia Verum. This article has not yet been published, but it is thought to contain the beliefs of its author. Seippel has said concerning it, "Cet essai philosophique était d'inspiration panthéiste. Le point de départ n'était pas le Je pense, donc je suis de Descartes, mais; Je pense, donc il est, ou plus exactement, je sens, donc il est, car contre la pensée intellectuelle pure, Romain Rolland revendiquait les droits de la pensée-sensation. De ce noyau central, il faisait sortir tout le rest; une conception de Dieu et du monde extérieur, une explication de la liberté, enfin des règles morales et esthétiques. Après cinq années d'angoisses, Romain Rolland était arrivé à trouver, pour lui-même, une preuve suffisante de sa foi, de son être, de son Dieu. À partir de ce moment, et c'était la

this purpose. Besides being an admirer of the works of Wagner and Tolstoi, he had always been a great lover of Shakespeare and although he admired more than his historical plays it was these latter which opened to his mind the wonderful artistic possibilities in the historical drama. While in Rome Rolland wrote a series of plays entitled Orsino, Niobé, Les Baglioni, and La Siège de Mantoue.

In August, 1892, a year after his return from Rome to the École normale, he married. This marriage did not turn out to be a happy one. A few years later he again returned to Italy on an official mission and while there he collected material for his thesis on Les Origines du Théâtre Lyrique Moderne (Histoire de l'Opéra en Europe avant Lulli et Scarlotti.) This was accepted by the Sorbonne in 1895.

In 1895 he was made professor of the History of Art in L'École normale and from 1903 until 1910 he was professor of the History of Music at the Sorbonne. He himself was able to illustrate the works of which he spoke by selections on the piano. During this period Romain Rolland was accumulating material and subject matter for his Life of Beethoven, Haendel, Musiciens d'Autrefois, Musiciens d'Aujourd'hui, besides the experiences for Jean Christophe and Olivier in his masterpiece, Jean Christophe.

Friendship with Tolstoi

Following the Dreyfus affaire, into which Rolland had entered with feeling, Tolstoi published an article named Qu'est-ce que l'Art.

In this article he spoke disparagingly of some of the works of various artists including Shakespeare and Richard Wagner. He also spoke ironically of the defenders of the Dreyfus affair. Rolland, who had always loved Tolstoi deeply, was disconcerted. He said: "Depuis deux ou trois ans, je vivais enveloppé de l'atmosphère de sa pensée. J'étais certainement plus familier avec ses créations, avec la Guerre et la Paix, Anna Karénine, et La Mort d'Ivan Illitch qu'avec aucune des grandes oeuvres françaises. La honte, l'intelligence, l'absolue vérité de ce grand homme, en faisaient pour moi le guide le plus sûr, dans l'anarchie morale de notre temps." *Here was Tolstoi talking of the immorality of art which isolates and depraves men. Romain Rolland was astounded. He had lived with only the intention of helping men and uniting them. He felt that nothing was purer than the impression which comes from the work of a great artist.

He wrote to Tolstoi and poured out to him his heart's perplexities and uncertainties. Tolstoi, moved by the sincerity and earnestness of the unknown correspondent, replied with a long letter on October 4, 1887: "Elle reflète, a dit Romain Rolland, la tranquille et limpide lumière de l'âme de Tolstoi, cette âme où tout est raison et charité."** This letter had a decided effect upon Romain Rolland. It revealed to him what seemed to be the truth. Tolstoi maintained that art should not be for the favored few, nor merely for the idle rich, but that, couched in a simple language, it should be the true representative sentiments of all. It should be the

** Seippel, p. 51

duty of the artist to follow his art, not for personal aggrandizement or glory, but with the desire to be a bearer of the truth. An attitude such as this can be attended only with a spirit of sacrifice.

Romain Rolland was thoroughly in accord with this beautiful theory and he readily adopted the idea of Tolstoi. "Tout ce qui réunit les hommes est le bien et le beau -- tout ce qui les sépare est le mal et le laid." *

Beginning of his life work

Imbued with the desire to devote his life to an art which should appeal to the people as a whole and not merely to the privileged few, filled with a love for life, and ardent desire for truth, convinced of the religious value which art ought to contain, striving always to attain goodness and beauty, and reaching upward for that which shall draw men together in a spirit of universal brotherhood, Romain Rolland has wished to sacrifice his life. He attributes this goal to the lessons and assistance of Tolstoi.

This has been his conception of art and the desire of his life. His success or failure may be partially judged from his works which follow. Yet the results of a man with an ideal such as this cannot be fully determined so near at hand. He has already gathered a rich reward, but the years which follow will still increase its fruitfulness. Paul Seippel has said that in the field of French literature today, there may be talents which are more skillful and

* Seippel, Page 56

more refined, but "C'est par la valeur de sa personnalité morale que Romain Rolland est hors de pair. Cet écrivain a un mérite qui prime tous les autres: celui d'être sincère et vrai jusqu'au fond." *

Rolland's Attempt as a Dramatist

Romain Rolland has written at least sixteen full-length plays. Most of these were completed before his great epoch-making novel, Jean Christophe; but since everything which Rolland has produced is worth while and of interest, the slight study which I have made of his dramatic writings and theories of the drama, cannot help but reveal an aspect of the man which is somewhat eclipsed by his later productions. It seems to me that his plays for a People's Theater, and his book of projects are just another side of his resourceful nature and surely are manifestations of continual growth.

As before mentioned, Romain Rolland seems to have passed through a period of lengthened struggle between conflicting mental forces. For years he read philosophy and suffered agonies before he at last found himself spiritually. Until the completion of Jean Christophe he was a prey to doubts concerning the utility of art and the end of life. He approached, one after the other, the master minds of the world — Empédocles, Spinoza, Michel Angelo, Shakespeare Beethoven, Tolstoi — always seeking for a satisfactory philosophy of life. As a result his writings show the influence of these who from time to time have been his guides and his inspiration.

Romain Rolland spent from 1890 to 1892 in Rome, associated with the aged revolutionist, Malwida von Meysenbug, whom he had previously met at Versailles. At this time he became passionately interested in the Italian Renaissance. This interest was immediately

Rossini's Attempt at a Revolution

Rossini's attempt at a revolution has written at least sixteen full-length plays. Most of these were completed before his first epoch-making novel, *Le Comte d'Ardenne*, but since everything which Rossini has produced is worth while and of interest, the slight study which I have made of his dramatic writings and character of the drama, cannot help but reveal an aspect of the man which is somewhat eclipsed by his later production. It seems to me that his plays for a French Theatre, and his work of prose are just another side of his resuscitated nature and surely are manifestations of continual growth.

As before mentioned, Rossini's attempt seems to have passed through a period of long-continued struggle between conflicting mental forces. For years he had philosophy and suffered agonies before he at last found himself satisfactorily. Until the completion of *Le Comte d'Ardenne* he was a prey to doubts concerning the utility of art and the end of life. He approached, one after the other, the leaders of the world — Epicurus, Spinoza, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tolstoy — always seeking for a satisfactory philosophy of life. As a result the writings show the influence of these who from time to time have been his guides and his inspiration.

Rossini's attempt seems to have been made in 1892 in Rome, associated with the aged revolutionist, Michele von Weyersbach, whom he had previously met at Venice. At this time he became passionately interested in the Italian Revolution. His interest was immediately

translated into plays. It is likewise true that these plays of the Renaissance, Orsino, Les Baglioni, and Le Siège de Mantoue, were also inspired by Shakespeare, whose historical dramas were much admired by Rolland. Four other plays, three of them on classical subjects, soon followed: Niobe, Caligula, Empédocle, and Jeanne de Piennes.

During this period Rolland was continually accumulating ideas of a new theater in France, and his later writings show the result of impressions made upon him by the Bayreuth Theater and Wagner's ideas on art and the people.*

After his marriage in 1892 Romain Rolland returned to Italy where he gathered material for his thesis, The Origins of the Modern Lyric Theater. History of the Opera in Europe before Lully and Scarlotti. This was published in book form in 1895.

At the same time he wrote Saint Louis. Later this was included in a volume called Les Tragédies de la Foi together with two other plays, Aërt and Le Triomphe de la Raison.

These individual plays were considered by Rolland as being a series of works founded upon a single underlying idea.

Saint Louis depicts religious exhalation. In the other two plays which accompany it is observed the presence of the main currents and passions of the modern French youth. The three together bring out the glory of sacrifice, but a sacrifice which is courageous and militant. There is a breaking away from cowardice

*The Fourteenth of July. Page 5

translated into plays. It is likewise true that these plays of the Renaissance, Greek, and Latin, and the plays of the Middle Ages, were also inspired by historical events, which historical events were also inspired by historical events. This is the case of the plays of the Middle Ages, which were inspired by historical events, which were inspired by historical events.

During this period England was continually experiencing the effects of a new literature in France, and this literature was the result of the influence of the French literature on the English literature.

After the marriage in 1502 between Richard and Anne, there was an increased interest for the theatre, the theatre of the Middle Ages, which was inspired by historical events, which were inspired by historical events.

At the same time as these plays, there was a new literature in France, which was inspired by historical events, which were inspired by historical events. This literature was the result of the influence of the French literature on the English literature.

These individual plays were considered by Richard as being a part of the literature of the Middle Ages, which was inspired by historical events, which were inspired by historical events.

The literature of the Middle Ages was inspired by historical events, which were inspired by historical events. This literature was the result of the influence of the French literature on the English literature.

of thought as well as from cowardice of action. There is a reaction against skepticism and against the relinquishment of the great destiny of the nation.

Saint Louis is like a beautiful poem, not a tragedy. It bears the message that no hero may see the fruits of his labor and if a temporary failure seems for a moment to cloud the sky, he should remember that it is only temporary. The good monarch who, dying at the foot of the mountain, sees Jerusalem only through the eyes of his army, is a figure of hope.

Aërt

The play Aërt covers a period of time from the Crusades to an imaginary Holland of the seventeenth century.

The chief character, Aërt, the son of a murdered patriot, is imprisoned by his father's assassin. He makes a vain effort to rally the forces of the opposition. Finally, having broken away from all that is vile in life, he throws himself from the window.

Danton, Le Triomphe de la Raison, Le Quatorze Juillet.

Le Triomphe de la Raison together with Danton and Les Loups, show the Revolution "devouring itself" to translate literally the author's own words. The Triomphe de la Raison and Danton may well be called tragedies when one considers the excesses into which faith and the spirit of sacrifice may lead men, but throughout the entire action there is felt the undercurrent of progress, growth,

and the idea of freedom which has sprung from the characters involved in the Revolution, even from those who were victims of the Girondist Massacres.

These plays of the Revolution were written with the author's intention of having them presented for the masses of France — in the People's Theater. For some reason or other Rolland did not strike the key-note which enables plays to appeal to the public. He has opened a new field which may bear fruit as time goes on, but as Rolland criticizes other dramatists in his Le Théâtre du Peuple saying that for this reason and that reason the plays of Racine, Molière, Rostand and others are not suitable to be understood by the masses; so would I, in return, feel that these plays of Rolland are too austere, too intense, too heavy to appeal to the masses of France. I admire this idea of celebrating principal events of the French Revolution, this idea of making live again the great epochs of the regeneration of the French in a fitting manner, but it must inevitably be true that it requires more than the touch of a genius to re-live these scenes in a manner which would be acceptable to the people as a whole.

The three plays mentioned were to have been part of a dramatic cycle on the Revolution — a cycle comprising ten plays. Le Quatorze Juillet was the first step, Danton the center, the decisive crisis, wherein the reason of the leaders of the Revolution seemed to have wavered and their common faith to have been sacrificed to individual personal hatred. In Les Loups the Revolution is depicted on the

and the fact of the revolution which was the cause of the
revolution in the revolution, and the fact of the revolution of the
revolution in the revolution.
These plays of the revolution were written with the author's
intention of having them presented for the purpose of France — in
the French's theater. For the reason or other Holland did not
write the play which would have been as good as the other.
He has covered a new field which was left as a side issue, but
he has followed out the same principle in his other plays.
Holland writes that the play was not that reason the play of
Holland, Holland, Holland and others are not suitable to be under-
stood by the masses; as would I, in Holland, that these plays
of Holland are too heavy, too serious, too heavy to appeal to
the masses of France. I think this is a very interesting point of
view of the French Revolution, but I do not think it is a
good example of the representation of the French Revolution, but
it must necessarily be true that it is a very good example of the French
of a nation of five million people in a nation which would be ac-
ceptable to the masses of the world.
The three plays mentioned were to have been part of a dramatic
cycle on the revolution — a cycle consisting of three plays. The first
play was the first play, the play, the decisive play.
Holland was the leader of the leaders of the Revolution and he was
wounded and his wound was to have been a wound to the individual
personnel of the revolution. In the other plays the revolution is depicted on the

field of battle. The remaining plays are not of the dramatic and literary quality of these mentioned.

As advocated by Rolland, he has written plays which he believed would appeal to the masses. These plays he maintained must also be acted by the people themselves, and with this idea in mind he has introduced into the plays the people in a great composite crowd. In Le Quatorze Juillet, the people are the protagonist, and the taking of the Bastille afforded him ample opportunity of utilizing them. In Danton they are more or less implied except for the last act when they appear in the court scene. In Les Lèups and Le Triomphe de la Raison they are always near at hand and determine the course of events although they do not appear on the stage. Due to the fact that there is a fairly even distribution of parts the effect is somewhat disconcerting and the plays have a rambling effect. There is no conventional plot, but a much larger, broader movement such as would be necessary in depicting anything as comprehensive as a Revolution. There is conspicuously absent the dramatic tension of occasional scenes, but on the other hand the masterful manner in which he has portrayed the individual characters is unquestionably obvious. Since reading these plays there lingers in my mind the fascinating weakness of Desmoulins, the strong, forceful, superhuman power of Danton, the sweet, far seeing vision of Julie and the stirring, impressive group scenes portraying the crowds and throngs of people of France.

These plays of Rolland have been unsuccessful from the

viewpoint of production. As Mr. Barrett Clark has said in his introduction "Good reading they undoubtedly make, literature they assuredly are, but they have not pleased audiences for consecutive days, weeks, and months." * Rolland concludes the first edition of Le Théâtre du Peuple with these words: "Do you want a people's art? Then begin by having a people!" France is to a great extent an aristocratic country hemmed in by her past laws, beliefs and conventions. She lives in her traditions and worships them. Once again, Romain Rolland in his effort to break away from the conventional French drama, in his revolt from a prescribed narrow, naturalism in the field of the play, is ahead of his age. It will undoubtedly necessitate time for these ideas to be accepted. Each year witnesses a change in French art and thought and one day, plays such as these, may meet with acceptance. Right ideas are never lost; they germinate in hearts and minds least suspected and there they often grow to bear fruit which bit by bit lift the thought of the popular masses to accept them. These are then claimed as their rightful heritage and a country has awakened to a fuller realization of progress, freedom, and truth.

* The Fourteenth of July. Page 11.

Le Théâtre du Peuple

Le Théâtre du Peuple, already referred to in speaking of the individual plays, reveals another side of the resourceful, creative nature of Romain Rolland. It is the presentation of a theory whereby a more fitting, healthier, and a more acceptable drama may be shown to the people as a whole.

Rolland states that contrary to all insinuations of his being temporarily crushed by the war, he wishes to reply that never has he felt so alert and eager to combat the evils of today. He believes, however, that his ideas are too liberal to be made public. Dearer to him than happiness itself is his freedom of soul to judge all things. Because his ideas are still different from those current nowadays he feels that his combat must be carried on with renewed energy. The People's Theater is not a fashionable toy, nor is it a game for the dilettanti. It is a new art for a new people themselves. It is a reaction against an ageing and a fossilized society.

Besides being a polemic against the convention-ridden theater and drama of the day, it is a work of inspiration for those who believe that the theater ought to be a place of recreation as well as education, in the broadest sense for all the people, in particular, the working classes. It is desired that the working man may seek relaxation and find food for mind and soul.

The various chapters originally appeared as articles in the *Revue d'Art Dramatique* between 1900 and 1903.

In this book, Le Théâtre du Peuple, Romain Rolland has brought out the idea that one should break away from the traditions of the past and allow French art to recognize the masses. The people had never been taken into account as a living entity, a public, or a judge. The state petrifies everything with which it comes in contact. The State belongs to the past. We have been educated to respect the memory of what has been, and it is difficult to tear ourselves loose. Yet, the forms which appear charming and noble in one century are more than likely to appear monstrous and out of place in another. One of the dangers of art referred to by Tolstoi comes from the fact that the forces of another day, when brought into an epoch where they do not belong, occasion serious disorders. Rolland says it is possible that what is beautiful to the cultured few may seem ugly to the people, and that it may fail to satisfy their needs, which are as legitimate as our own. Let us not blindly seek to impose upon people of the twentieth century the art and the aristocratic society of the past. Again he challenges us to see whether in all the dramatic impedimenta of the past there is anything for the people.

Molière has succeeded in pleasing all classes in France for two centuries. He had two natures, one that analyzed life with ironic finesse, another that revelled gaily in it. However, Molière does not offer enough comedy for a People's Theater. Rolland goes on to say that laughter is force, and intelligent satire of the vices satisfies the reason. But we cannot find in Molière the necessary springs of action.

In this work, in *Le Labyrinthe du Visible*, Gaston Bachelard was present
and the idea that the world must stay true the tradition of the
past and allow himself to be recognized the present. The people do
never seem to know how to account as a living entity, a quality, or a
being. The state believes everything with which it comes in con-
tact. The state belongs to the past. We have been attached to
respect the memory of what has been, and it is difficult to tear
ourselves loose. Yet, the force which appears threatening and noble
in one century are more than likely to appear monstrous and out of
place in another. One of the dangers of art referred to by Tolstoy
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aesthetic society of the past. Again he challenges us to see
whether in all the dramatic impediments of the past there is anything
for the people.

Hollander has succeeded in placing all classes in France for
two centuries. He has two nations, one that occupied life with
tragic fitness, another that revelled fully in it. However, Hollander
does not offer enough energy for a people's theater. Hollander goes
on to say that laughter is force, and intelligent action of the
vital activities for reason. But we cannot find in Hollander the
necessary outline of action.

Again he adds, "For my part I cannot imagine an audience of three thousand proletarians appreciating the choice of words and the delicate shades of Racine, like so many professors of rhetoric." *

"The fact that Racine is not popular proves nothing against the people, nor against Racine. They belong to two different worlds, and there is no reason for bringing them together." **

Again he feels that Corneille's whole dramatic system is antagonistic to the popular audience. There is a plot developed through abstract speeches. He maintains that the very essence of Corneille's art is practically dead for us today. Our present day problems although political ones, are not the problems of two centuries ago, and as for politics, we are interested in nothing that does not immediately concern us. So, unless they are altered beyond recognition, we have no use for the 17th century tragedies on the stage, ***

The Romantic Drama as represented by Dumas, Hugo, and Rostand, is a kind of melodrama; and all the verbal poetry with which it is garnished can only increase its perniciousness.

The modern comedies are thought by Rolland to have considerable talent, but on the whole he thinks them thin, insipid, sentimental and corrupt.

In 1902 L'Oeuvre des Trente Ans du Théâtre began its work in order to supply emergency funds for needy authors, actors, and for those connected with the theater who might, after thirty years' work and struggle, apply for assistance. The conditions were

* The People's Theater	p.17
*** " "	p.21
*** " "	p.25

hardly suitable for the working man and the affair was of short duration.

In 1847, 1848 Michelet caught the ideal of the mission of a People's Theater. He proclaims to his students in a lecture that they must march at the head of the people. They must give them a theater of the people. On the stage of that theater must be presented their own legends, their own deeds. The people must be nourished with the people. The theater is the most potent agent in education and goes far to establish closer relations between man and man.

It was through Michelet that the artistic ideals of the Revolution and the thinkers of the 18th century have come down to those who have been endeavoring to found a People's Theater.

In France the first man who was able to realize in the least degree the ideals of a People's Theater was Maurice Pottecher who in 1892, the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Republic, produced a patois translation of Le Médecin Malgré Lui in a little village in the Vosges. This was a great success. Theaters sprang up in other places with various successes depending on the size of the hall, the type of the community, the plays portrayed, the subscriptions, and other factors.

It is so typical of Romain Rolland to maintain here as in his other works that he has no faith in a theater without an ideal. "The more theaters the better. The more people, the better. I consider quantity, not quality," says Eugene Morel to

Georges Bourdon in the Revue Bleu, May 10, 1902. But Rolland says, "On the contrary, I think only of quality, and not at all of quantity."*

Rolland further believes that the first requisite of the People's Theater is that it must be a recreation. Secondly, it should be a source of energy. The third requisite is that it be a guiding light to the Intelligence. In place of virtue, he wishes to give them more intelligence, more happiness, and more energy. Virtue and moral lessons will take care of themselves. People are not so much down right bad as ignorant; their badness is only the result of ignorance. Our great problem is to bring more light, purer air, and better order into the chaos of the soul.

It has been Rolland's thought that all classes should be shown on the stage, just as all should be in the auditorium, but they should be represented as brothers and equals, and not as rivals. He has wanted the people to be shown, the great men of the world, kings, ministers, and conquerors -- not because they were the peoples' masters, but because they represented the state, which is now the commonwealth of which they, the people, are today the inheritors.

The People's Theater is to be the beginning of a new art world, which art itself has hardly caught sight of. Ahead of it there is an almost totally unexplored land.

Rolland finishes by exhorting the people of France to make use of the historical drama. This is a new type to France and one of which the form has been neglected. France has perhaps the most heroic history of any country since the days of Rome. From

Attila to Napoleon, from the fields of Catalauni to Waterloo, from the Crusades to the Convention, the destinies have been fought for and decided on her soil. He adds that France has never produced an Iliad, but she has lived a dozen; the Iliad of Charlemagne, of the Normans, of Godfrey of Boulogne, of Saint Louis, of Jeanne d'Arc, of Henry IV, of the Marseillaise, of the Corsican Alexander, of the Commune, and even in our own days, of Africa. Her heroes have touched the heights as often as her poets. No Shakespeare has celebrated her achievements; but Le Béarnais at the head of his band, or Danton on the Scaffold, have spoken and acted genuine Shakespeare.

May the People's Theater create a great historical drama in France. History will teach the French people to come out of themselves, and observe the souls of others -- friends and enemies alike. They will once more find themselves in the past, where characters are much the same as they are now, only different in appearance, with the same vices and weaknesses as themselves; and these they can recognize and possibly guard against. He asks the French also to take care not to exclude the historic legends of other peoples. Here may the spirit of internationalism be again felt when Rolland says that undoubtedly our own history lies nearer our hearts, and our first duty is to develop it, but the great events and deeds of all nations must find a place on the stage. Then armed with all the greatness of the past, we shall strive to create the new man, a man of stalwart moral fiber and of truth.

In art it is not necessary to combat evil with evil, but with light. The evil that is seen face to face, the evil that is conscious of being seen, is more than half conquered. It is the function of the social drama to throw the imperious power of reason into the uncertain scales.

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His Biographies

Jean François Millet

In this little volume on Millet, Romain Rolland shows that he has devoted considerable time and study to the history of art as well as to the subject of art itself. He is judging an artist with the mind of an artist. He has no intention of gilding his hero with a false, idealistic glamor; his one purpose is to present the facts concerning Millet so that the reader may better comprehend him and appreciate him for what he was. The facts concerning the artist are stated clearly and concisely with an absence of emotional figures of speech. By reading his book we are instructed, and we begin to see more in the pictures of Millet than we had before conceived of.

Romain Rolland begins by stating that the personality of Millet is a surprising one in the France of the nineteenth century. In French art he is a solitary, almost an alien. Critics look for political and social theses in his pictures or at least for dramatic effects. Nothing, however, was farther from Millet's mind. He detected sentimental and melodramatic painting, he was indifferent to politics, and he repudiated socialism. Millet felt that art had nothing to do with these things. He believed that true art would spring from some little disregarded corner where a certain individual, studying the mysteries of nature, feels persuaded that the answer he finds will be good for humanity.

Translation by Miss Clementina Black. Millet .
 London: Duckworth and Co.,

His Discourses

John Wesley, M.A.

In this volume, which is a collection of his sermons, we find a full and complete view of his mind and heart, and of the principles which guided him in his religious and civil conduct. He is here seen as a man, and not as a saint; and his weaknesses and infirmities are as fully exposed as his virtues and excellencies. The reader will find in this volume a full and complete view of his mind and heart, and of the principles which guided him in his religious and civil conduct. He is here seen as a man, and not as a saint; and his weaknesses and infirmities are as fully exposed as his virtues and excellencies.

Wesley's Discourses, by John Wesley, M.A. This volume contains a full and complete view of his mind and heart, and of the principles which guided him in his religious and civil conduct. He is here seen as a man, and not as a saint; and his weaknesses and infirmities are as fully exposed as his virtues and excellencies. The reader will find in this volume a full and complete view of his mind and heart, and of the principles which guided him in his religious and civil conduct. He is here seen as a man, and not as a saint; and his weaknesses and infirmities are as fully exposed as his virtues and excellencies.

Wesley

Translated by Wm. Gifford, Esq.
London: Printed and Sold by Wm. Gifford, Esq.

Millet was in accord with Corot: that the mission of art is a mission of love, not of hate. And that when it presents the sufferings of the poor it should do so with no intention of arousing envy towards the wealthy classes.

Romain Rolland says that Millet seemed to find an austere and religious joy in pain. His aim was to show the pains of work, and yet, at the same time to reveal the poetry and the beauty found in those hardships. He believed that every man is doomed to bodily punishment. Life is sad and Millet loves it as it is. He has no desire to make it better nor to change it. Romain Rolland intimates that if sadness did not exist, Millet would have made it afresh, so singular is the charm which it had for him. He shows, however, no symptoms of uneasiness or depression; his is a serious and peaceful melancholy. Sorrow seemed to be his best friend and it gave him an austere delight.

From his very beginning as a painter his two sources of inspiration were the natural scenes of an oppressive life and the Scriptures.

The following verses from Genesis are thought to be representative of his life and work: "Cursed is the ground Thorns and thistles shall bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the fields. In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread!"*

Rolland has related simply and sympathetically the story of his life, bringing out the point that his literary knowledge or education was solid and essentially classical. He has drawn from it

* *ibid.* p.25.

Miller was in accord with Gorky: that the mission of art is

a mission of love, not of hate. And that when it presents the

truthfulness of the poor it should do so with no intention of arousing

any sympathy or pity.

Stasys Gorky gave Miller the impression of being an earnest and

reluctant for the cause. His aim was to show the value of work, and

that the work itself is the only and the best way to find

those things. He believed that every man is a worker in reality

and that life is not just a game. He was not a

theoretical man, but a practical one. He was not a

man who talks of things, but a man who does them.

Miller, on the other hand, is not a man who does things, but a

man who talks of things. He is a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

man who is not a worker, but a man who is not a worker, but a

The following passage from Gorky's work is thought to be representative

of his life and work: "Gorky is the ground . . . There is no

other way to find the truth; and that is the only way to find the

truth. In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat the bread of

life. Gorky was a man who was not a worker, but a man who was not a

worker, but a man who was not a worker, but a man who was not a

worker, but a man who was not a worker, but a man who was not a

his sanity of mind, his balance, and that calm manliness which detesting sentimentality, speaks simply and strongly. *

Again he brings out the thought of his susceptibility to the influence of nature when he says, "I know no pleasure equal to that of lying on the ferns and looking at the clouds." The forest filled him with rapture and terror. "If you were to see how beautiful the forest is! I run there sometimes at the end of the day, when my day's work is over, and I come back every time crushed! The calmness and grandeur are appalling, so much so that I find myself feeling really frightened. I don't know what those rascals of trees say to one another, but they say something and we don't understand it, because we don't talk the same language, that is all, only I don't think they make puns." **

Romain Rolland has beautifully touched on the struggle against poverty Millet experienced, his earnest endeavor to paint subjects according to the standards of the prevailing critics, and finally his growth into the realization of his own field of work, that of portraying the simple peasant folk at their common, daily tasks.

In referring to the pictures of Millet, Romain Rolland has interpreted them through the heart of their artist. Speaking of the Angelus he says: "The Angelus has a musical charm of its own. Millet meant the sounds of a country evening, the distant chime of bells to be heard in it. He deeply felt and has expressed the

* Jean François Millet, p.42
 ** " " " p.72

melancholy poetry of the hour when man's struggle with the earth passes into peace, and the august grandeur of the simple, lovely prayer in the vast deserted plain at twilight." *

In defending The Man with the Hoe which has been so loved and criticized, Millet exclaims, "Some people say that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more in it than charms -- infinite splendors; I see as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said, 'I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'" I see the haloes of the dandelions, and the sun breaking forth yonder, far beyond these regions, and its glory amid the clouds. None the less do I see the horses in the plain, smoking as they plough; and then, in some rocky spot, a man completely errené, whose panting gasps have sounded since morning, and who tries to stand upright a little to get breath. The drama is surrounded by splendors, it is no invention of mine." **

After Millet had broken from the fashionable art of Paris and had setteled to his task in Barbizon, he worked enthusiastically. The Winnowers, The Sower, The Gleaners, The Angelus, The Man with a Hoe, A Mower, breathing the spirit of the surrounding country of which they were a part, all spring forth. His impression as a whole is clear cut, more like a summary than a complete view, devoid of details. No doubt it is praiseworthy to say things that are beautiful, but he believes that the essential is to say things that are clear and strong.

Millet's friendships were rather exclusive. Watteau seems

*ibid.p.96

** " p.97

to him mournful. Rembrandt, he said, "did not repel him. but he blinded him." It was only by degrees that Millet reached the profound truth and the sublime heart of Rembrandt. He admired Reubens because he was strong. Millet passionately loved strength.

Of the Italians of the 15th century, the one who seems to have moved him most deeply was Mantegna. The master who overwhelmed him and whom he preferred to all others was Michel Angelo. He says that he is the man who is capable of personifying the good and evil of humanity in a single figure.

Millet believed that although it is praiseworthy to say things that are beautiful, the essential is to say things that are clear and strong. To think rightly and to speak one's thought clearly is the ideal he sought. Instead of commenting upon some fine bit of color or on any of the things to which painters seem to attach importance, Millet would speak of the movement of the figures which he had promised to put in, or the characters which are languishing, those that are full of pity and those that are performing charitable actions. The thought back of a picture was the goal. Every line, every touch had a meaning. The drawing had to be an exact expression of the objects represented.*

The thing that makes art is the passionate impulse that compels the artist to create his work, and it is this passion which gives the work its power of expression. Every least touch is to be of value to the whole -- to express some part of a definite idea. Not the details of a picture but the truth of the whole is what one is striving for. Harmony is essential.** "One must know how," he

*ibid. p. 159
 ** " p. 169

said, "to make the trivial serve to express the sublime; in that is real strength." *

In describing Millet, Romain Rolland has interpreted his work as being a succession of struggles between man and the earth. There are moments of calm and gentle content. Then comes the deep comfort of hours of rest and silence. These are the common habitual tasks of daily life, such as are depicted in The Meal, The Reading Lesson, The First Steps. Through these glimpses of man and nature are forever singing the thoughts of the eternal conflict which is brought to an end only by death itself.

* Jean François Millet, p.190

Beethoven

In his letter at the beginning of this thesis, Romain Rolland has said, "If you read my Introduction to the Life of Beethoven and the first chapter of my Life of Tolstoi, you will have a glance at the moral situation of my generation before this previous one, -- that one which prevailed between 1880 and 1900." It is in the Preface of Beethoven that Romain Rolland has described the condition of this generation referred to as follows:

"The air is heavy around us. The world is stifled by a thick and vitiated atmosphere -- an undignified materialism which weighs on the mind and heart, hindering the work of governments and individuals alike. We are being suffocated. Let us throw open the windows that God's free air may come in and that we may breathe the breath of heroes.

"Life is stern. It is a daily battle for those not content with an unattractive mediocrity of soul. And a sad battle it is, too, for many -- a combat without grandeur, without happiness, fought in solitude and silence. Weighed down by poverty and domestic cares, by excessive and senseless tasks which waste the strength to no purpose, without a gleam of hope. Many souls are separated from each other, without even the consolation of holding out a hand to their brothers who ignore them and are ignored by them. They are forced to rely on themselves alone; and there are moments when even the strongest give way under their burden of trouble." *

* The Life of Beethoven by Romain Rolland. Trans. by B. Constance Hull
p. 5 preface. Henry Holt and Co.,

In this Preface Romain Rolland also says that there are many people in this world who are weighed down by poverty, domestic cares, tasks, and burdens and that even the strongest of these, at times, give way under their load of trouble. It is then that they call out for a friend. For this reason Romain Rolland wishes to produce a book which will relate the life and experiences of one of the heroic friends of the past -- one of the great souls who suffered for the good of humanity. It is by turning to friends of the past such as these that the struggling, unhappy souls of today may find guidance, light, and inspiration. The truly great, he adds, are those made so by goodness of heart. Beethoven wrote, "I recognize no sign of superiority in mankind other than goodness." *

For the strong and pure Beethoven hoped in the midst of his sufferings that his example would give help to other unfortunate ones who may be consoled by finding another as unfortunate as themselves, who in the face of all obstacles has done everything possible to become worthy of the name "Man." **

The book opens with a little verse of Beethoven's.

Woltuen, wo man kann
 Freiheit uber alles lieben,
 Wahrheit nie, auch sogar am
 Throne nicht verleugnen.

Beethoven, Album leaf, 1792

To do all the good one can
 To love liberty above everything
 And even if it be for a kingdom,
 Never to betray truth. ***

* The Life of Beethoven, p.6 Preface

** " " p.7

*** " " p.I

Because Romain Rolland is a musician himself he feels very keenly the influence of Beethoven. He has brought out emphatically in his writing the "prophetic" and inspiring qualities of Beethoven's life and music. He recognizes Beethoven not only as a great musician, but a great leader and teacher as well. He feels that he owes more to Beethoven in certain respects than he does to Shakespeare. He has related the tragedy of Beethoven's life with all its loneliness, its sufferings, and he has finally shown how his life culminated in a liberation of his spirit from the hands of materiality. He has touched upon the composer's sentiment of democracy and his sympathy with the suffering masses, and he has shown that from it all springs this spirit of joy which is so prevalent in his later works.

He has painted admirable word pictures of the musician in his various moods; so that one cannot fail to have the mind pictures always before him.

The story of his youth, of his family relations, the love which he felt for his servant mother, of his father's dissipated condition, of the rebellion which he experienced in being compelled to practise long hours each day, all remind me of Jean Christophe's early experiences. Later on, with the most sympathetic treatment, he describes the early compositions of the musician and his pathetic grief in gradually realizing that he is no longer able to hear.

Rolland has shown that the various experiences through which he passed, and the different sentiments of grief, resignation, and inner joy which have resulted from these, have left their marked im-

pression upon his music. Throughout the book one cannot help but feel the genius of the man, and even more than that, his greatness.

Following the short sketch of his life there is added a small group of letters written by Beethoven to his brothers, to his friends, his physician, accompanied by a few of their loving replies. Then there is a chapter entitled "Thoughts" in which a few of Beethoven's characteristic truths are assembled, such as

"Music is a higher revelation than the whole of wisdom and the whole of philosophy... He who penetrates the meaning of my music shall be freed from all the misery which afflicts others." To Bettina, 1810.

"There is nothing finer than to approach the Divine and to shed its rays on the human race."

"My heart beats in entire concord with the lofty and grand art of Sebastian Bach, that patriarch of harmony."

"I have always been one of the greatest admirers of Mozart, and I shall remain so until my latest breath."

"In all that concerns me as an artist, no one has ever heard me say that I pay the least attention to what has been written about me." *

Included in the same volume is an exquisite but brief analysis of the sonatas, the symphonies and the quartets written by A. Eaglefield Hull, Mus. doc. (oxon).

This has been a great help to me in studying some of the compositions of Beethoven and I am anticipating using it a great deal

* Life of Beethoven - part II. pp. 101,102

more as I progress in my music.

The book is concluded by a helpful bibliography on the life and works of the composer and also a classification of Beethoven's sonatas in order of study and a list of his compositions with opus number. This latter is compiled from Marx and Thayer.

Although I have read more detailed accounts of the life of Beethoven and have been moved to a greater extent emotionally, I have certainly not encountered a work which has penetrated any deeper into the heart or the nature of the man than this composition by Romain Rolland. It is so characteristic of the man to understand.

Michael Angelo

It is beautiful, the manner in which Romain Rolland writes of the lives of the masters. His understanding heart seems to fathom the ideals for which these men, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Millet, and Tolstoi lived and died. He suffers with them through their struggles, through their periods of doubt, and in their defeats. In their victories, self-sacrifices, and successes he rejoices, reminding me of the spirit of Tolstoi in his feeling of brotherhood. Rolland has the eye of an artist, the ear of a musician, the mind of a critic, and the heart of a philosopher.

His one search is for truth, to appreciate beauty, to promote art, to elevate the thoughts of men so that they may love more unselfishly and more purely. He is able to understand and appreciate their art and their genius.

It seems to me that were I born with the gift of genius, had I been misunderstood, maligned, left alone, had I suffered through loneliness so that I was ready to die broken-hearted, just to know that there was another being in this world who grasped my ideals, who shared my sentiments, who sympathized with my aspirations, who saw my weaknesses with such kindness, would atone for everything and make me feel that the fight had all been worth while. If Michael Angelo could realize the tribute which has been paid him by the pen of Romain Rolland he could not fail to be grateful and to say, "It is so beautiful to have a friend like that -- I am lonely no longer." *

In the preface to Michael Angelo, Romain Rolland has begun by

* Michael Angelo by Romain Rolland

describing a marble statue in the National Museum in Florence which Michael Angelo called "The Victor." It represents the beautiful nude figure of a young man with curly hair falling over a low forehead. Standing, he has placed his knee on the back of a bearded prisoner, who bends, stretching his head forward. The victor when ready to strike, stops, and turns away from his victim. He throws himself backwards. He seems to crave victory no longer - it is distasteful to him. Although he has conquered he is in his turn, vanquished. This representation of heroic doubt, this victory with shattered wings reminds Romain Rolland of Michael Angelo himself. It is the symbol of his whole life.

Michael Angelo suffered -- his whole life seemed to be one continuous struggle against circumstances, against his own will -- and if you please -- against himself. Little as we may realize it -- our struggles are always against ourselves for if we had the understanding to change our line of thought -- the thing which we perceived as such an insurmountable barrier to be overcome would be gone.

Michael Angelo had strength -- he was forceful -- he spent his life struggling and conquering. He conquered -- but what? The victory which he gained was not what he wanted. Lack of harmony is not victory. Uneasiness of mind is not a sign of grandeur. Until one has conquered his daily thoughts of haste, unrest, and indecision, there is no victory. Rolland has not thrown a veil over the sad side of the life of Michael Angelo and portrayed only the heroic glimpses; he has, as in all his tasks, clung to the truth above all else. The truth as he sees it. He says:

"Great souls are like mountain summits. The wind beats upon them, clouds envelop them; but we breathe better and deeper there than elsewhere. The air on those heights possesses a purity which cleanses the heart of its defilement, and when the clouds pass we dominate the human race.

"Such was that colossal mountain which towered above the Italy of the Renaissance and whose tortured profile we see far away in the sky.

"I do not claim that the generality of mankind can live on those summits, but that once a year they ought to ascend them on a pilgrimage. There they will renew the air of their lungs and the blood of their veins. Up there they will feel that they are nearer the Eternal. And afterward they will descend toward the plains of life with their hearts tempered for the daily struggle." *

Michael Angelo was a man who was a prey to genius. He was practically enslaved to it. "It took the form of a frenzied enthusiasm -- a formidable life in a body and soul too weak to hold it." **

He was in a state of continual enthusiasm. He wore himself out with work -- ceaseless work. This unhealthy craving for work became almost a mania. When he had a task to do -- he was eager to be everything -- engineer, workman, stone-cutter. He wished to do everything himself -- build palaces and churches with no other aid than his own. His life resembled that of a convict. In his letters are found continually that lamentable refrain.

"I have hardly time to eat -- I have no time to eat. For the past twelve years I have been ruining my body with fatigue. I stand in need of necessaries -- I am without a penny. I am naked. I suffer a thousand ills."* This condition was merely his state of mind, self-imposed, imaginary. In reality Michael Angelo was a wealthy man, yet he lived like a poor man, harnessed to his task. He was not well, and extremely pessimistic. In one of his poems (LXXVIV) he exclaims,

"Mille piacer non vaglion un tormento" (a thousand joys are not as good as a single torment.) He stood alone. He hated and was hated in return. He loved but was not loved in return. He was isolated, and lived in a world of his own above other men. He was his own worst enemy; he was not master of himself.

As a boy Michael Angelo was continually drawing pictures, with the result that his family were greatly displeased with him. He became an apprentice at the age of thirteen in bottega of Domenico Ghirlandago, the greatest of Florentine painters. He took a dislike to painting and later entered a school of sculpture established by Lorenzo de Medici.

Silent through the persecutions of Savaranola, Michael Angelo continued his work in sculpture, the most pagan of artists.

For years Michael Angelo was buffeted about by the Popes, Julius II, Leo I, Clement VII, Paul III, Paul LV, who neither understood or loved his art, but wished to commercialize him.

*The Life of Michael Angelo, p.7
Translated by Frederick Lees

By Romain Rolland
N.Y: E.P.Button and Co., 1912.

"I have hardly time to eat -- I have to sleep to eat. For the
past twelve years I have been turning up my eyes at the
stand in need of necessities -- I am almost a beggar. I am naked.
I suffer a thousand ills." "This condition was caused by his state
of mind, self-lacerated, tormented. In reality Michael Angelo was
a really man, yet he lived like a poor man, surrounded by his
lack. He was not well, and extremely peculiar. In one of his
poems (LXXXIV) he exclaims,
"While placed in prison we torment" (a thousand joys are
not as good as a single torment). He stood alone. He hated and
was hated in return. He lived but was not loved in return. He
was lacerated, and lived in a world of his own above other men. He
was his own worst enemy; he was not master of himself.
As a boy Michael Angelo was continually drawing pictures, with
the result that his family were greatly displeased with him. He
became an apprentice at the age of thirteen in bottega of Domenico
Ghirlandajo, the greatest of Florentine painters. He took a dislike
to painting and later entered a school of sculpture established by
Bernardo de Vecchio.
Silent through the persecutions of Savonarola, Michael Angelo
continued his work in sculpture, the great power of artists.
For years Michael Angelo was belittled about by the judges.
Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII, Paul III, Paul IV, who neither under-
stood or loved his art, but who had no sympathy for him.

"I served the Popes," said Michael Angelo later;" but it was under compulsion." *

One project after another was begun according to the whim of Julius II, and then later abandoned. Finally after four years of solitary work, misunderstanding on the part of his family, insults from the Pope, trouble from every side, Michael Angelo completed the most sublime work of his whole life, the painting of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. In 1512 his glorious, stupendous work was uncovered -- which as Romain Rolland says "was full of the spirit of God who creates and destroys -- the devouring God in whom the whole of life rushes like a tempest." **

In 1543 Michael Angelo returned to Rome where he was to remain until his death. In the twenty-one years since he had left it, following the completion of the Sistine Chapel, he had made three statues for the uncompleted mausoleum of Julius II, seven unfinished vestibule of the "Laurenziana" the unfinished "Christ" of Santa Maria, Sopra Minerva, the unfinished "Apollp" for Baccio Valore. He had lost his health, his energy, his faith in art, and in the father-land. He had lost his beloved father and his favorite brother. He was sixty years of age and he was alone. He yearned for death. Life to him had been a continual passing from one yoke to another.

His days were again brightened somewhat when he was brought in touch with Vittoria Colonna. It was during this grave and serene friendship that he was able to execute his last great works

* The Life of Michael Angelo, p. 62

** The Life of Michael Angelo, p. 62

"I never see him," said Michael Angelo's friend, but I was under
impression."

One project after another was being suggested to the artist
till he was tired. He then later abandoned. He had been
working with, characterizing in the case of his family, finding
from the facts, through from every side, Michael Angelo completed
and adding work of his wife's life, the painting of the statue
of David in Rome. In 1512 the statue, a masterpiece of art
was completed -- which as Francis Hall says "was full of the spirit of
God who created and sustains -- the description of the statue
of his mother like a woman."

In 1513 Michael Angelo returned to Rome where he was to remain
until his death. In the twenty-one years which he spent in Rome
during the completion of the Sistine Chapel, he was not
inactive for his hands were busy with the statue of David, the
famous statue of the "Leda" and the unfinished "Christ"
of Santa Maria, Santa Minerva, the unfinished "David" for
Santa Victoria. He had lost his health, his energy, his faith in
God, and in the Fatherland. He had lost his beloved Rome, and
his favorite subject. He was sixty years of age and he was old.
He returned to death. Life to him had been a continual passing
from one state to another.

His days were spent in painting, sculpture, and in writing.
He lived with Vittoria Colonna. It was during this time that
he wrote the "Leda" and the "Christ" which are his best works.

in painting and sculpture. "The Last Judgment," the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel, and -- at last -- the mausoleum of Julius II. Although his love for Vittoria did not exclude all other passions as one friendship was not sufficient to satisfy his soul, her spiritual tendencies reopened the world of faith to the art of Michael Angelo when he needed it the most. For her uplifted thought, her interest in his life and her love of his art were invaluable to him.

On January I, 1547, one month before the death of Vittoria, Michael Angelo had been appointed prefect and architect of St. Peter's, with full powers to erect the building. He saw in it a duty -- a mission from God.

He wrote, "Old though I am, I do not wish to abandon it, for I serve through love of God and place all my hope in Him."* He did not accept any payment for this sacred task. The work, hardly commenced before his death, was completed. Yet, he was obsessed with the idea that none of his works would ever survive him.

The story of his last piece of sculpture, "Christ taken down from the Cross," in the Cathedral in Florence, shows what detachment from art he had attained. If he still continued his work as a sculptor, he was no longer promoted by faith in art, but by faith in Christ, and because "his mind and strength could not resist the temptation to create." When this work was completed he broke it and would have entirely destroyed it if his servant, Antonio, had not begged him to give it to him.

* *ibid.* p. 125

Michael Angelo lived to be eighty-six years of age. Up to the very last he had lost none of his lucidity of mind and energy. Yet he was not well, and he welcomed death, thinking that it would be an end to his maddening slavery.

Romain Rolland has given a most lucid portrayal of Michael Angelo. One feels in reading the penned description that the artist is seen as in a picture with his small, sad, strong eyes, variable, and speckled with yellow and blue; his big, straight nose accompanied by deep lines from the nostrils to the corner of the lips; a delicate mouth; hollow cheeks; protruding cheek bones. There was a haunted expression in the dear man's face accentuated all the more by lines of care and worry as though he were continually trying to evade himself, dodge his own fears, escape his own struggles. The expression is so much the picture of the soul that one realizes that the eyes of Michael Angelo speak of the depth of his genius. Their clear gaze is fathomless, yet -- there is in evidence the harassed state of the artist's mind, his unrest, his subserviency to beliefs of bondage and work.

Romain Rolland has penetrated deeper than this. He has glimpsed the pure spiritual devotion within the man. Although he sees him tormented by fears and recognizes his eccentricities, he appreciates his gift of genius, he admires his art, and he loves his soul.

Romain Rolland has not idealized the artist. He takes him as he is -- with his human weaknesses -- as one of us; he makes us feel

that he is living today and attempting to climb, to grow, and to learn -- even as we. Michael Angelo, however, is attended by a wonderful gift -- the gift of being a genius as an artist, as a sculptor -- and the ability to pour out his heart's uncertainties and vexations in verse.

The book is well illustrated with copies of Michael Angelo's masterpieces. Romain Rolland has analysed his works in another series of books, entitled "Les Maîtres de L'Art," so he has not felt it necessary to return to the subject in this volume on his life.

I admire again the sincerity and the frankness with which Romain Rolland has dealt with his character. He hides nothing, yet he interprets fairly. The beautiful part of it is, he, with the soul of an artist understands the soul of his fellow artist. He grasps his ideals, he attains his moments of height -- and he loves.

I feel that having read the life of Michael Angelo, written by Romain Rolland, that I, too, have lived in the sixteenth century, perplexed by the problems such as Michael Angelo had to face. I have fought the fight with him -- and best of all, I have understood. What greater tribute could a man have paid to him? Yet, through it all it appears so clearly that could Michael Angelo but have changed his own mental state his life would have been so different. He would have acquired that poise and spirit of rest which he needed so much. How unnecessary are those thoughts of bondage. Some of us gain freedom from them in one line, some in another -- and we are all striving for the same goal.

Tolstoi

The life of Michael Angelo is more than glorious as is that of Millet and of Beethoven, yet, it seems that in speaking of Tolstoi, Romain Rolland is almost re-living his own life, passing through once more his own bitter experiences of doubt, isolation and misunderstanding. It is true that he felt nearer and dearer to Tolstoi than to any other friend. He was his guide and philosopher. The book on his life is a beautiful appreciation of the man Tolstoi as an artist, writer, and a leader of men. To Tolstoi Rolland attributes many of his glimpses of truth, and he considers him as his guide and his friend. In the Preface he begins by saying, "To those of my generation, the light that has but lately failed was the purest that illumined their youth."* He further adds that his fellow students and writers, philosophers, poets, disciples of the classic tradition, Wagnerians, atheists, mystics, all loved Tolstoi. It is true that each loved him for a different reason, for each discovered in him, himself, but this love was a love that opened the door to a revelation of life; to the wide world itself.

Rolland has spoken of the childhood of Tolstoi, of his boyhood and youth with his struggles of adolescence which he says resemble "a desert of sterile sands, blown upon by gales of the burning winds of folly."** He was a solitary. His brain was in a condition of perpetual fever. He passed from one system of philosophy to another. Through all his ugliness he had the one ambition, to please; and always attending him was the quality of absolute sincerity. He seemed to realize that he was leading a bestial life, and he analyzed his

errors in the following manner: 1. indecision or lack of energy, 2, self-deception, 3, insolence, 4, false modesty, 5, ill temper, 6, licentiousness, 7, spirit of imitation, 8, versatility, 9, lack of reflection. Tolstoi also had to fight the passion for gambling, sensuality, which was very difficult for him to overcome, and vanity, the most terrible of all. It was during his experience in the army that he reached out to God. He began to realize that God's hand was leading him and for this he was grateful. As a result of this spirit of gratitude the following fruits were produced: Childhood, A Russian Proprietor, The Invasion, and Boyhood.

Rolland, in his treatment of Tolstoi's early works, has analyzed carefully the change in the author's thought as he showed development in writing the various tales of the Caucasus. He has mentioned the prevalence of a gentle sentimentality, which is later excluded from his romances, the growth of his power of psychology, his feeling for nature, his fearless sincerity, and his faith in love, which is brought out in A Russian Proprietor. He has spoken of the remarkable portrait of a peasant in his Popular Tales, the magnificence of his landscape as drawn in The Invasion. Realism was made frigid and exact in The Woodcutters. In The Cossacks, the intoxication of youth, the spirit of love, overflows. The contrast of nature with the world of men forms the basis of the book, which through all of Tolstoi's life proves to be his favorite theme. There is also some of the bitterness which is revealed in the Kreutzer Sonata.

In the Sebastapool Narratives, Tolstoi has tried to bring out

... in the following manner: 1. Inhibition of ...
2. Self-deception, 3. Inhibition, 4. ...
5. ... 6. ... 7. ... 8. ...
9. ... 10. ... 11. ... 12. ...
13. ... 14. ... 15. ... 16. ...
17. ... 18. ... 19. ... 20. ...
21. ... 22. ... 23. ... 24. ...
25. ... 26. ... 27. ... 28. ...
29. ... 30. ... 31. ... 32. ...
33. ... 34. ... 35. ... 36. ...
37. ... 38. ... 39. ... 40. ...
41. ... 42. ... 43. ... 44. ...
45. ... 46. ... 47. ... 48. ...
49. ... 50. ... 51. ... 52. ...
53. ... 54. ... 55. ... 56. ...
57. ... 58. ... 59. ... 60. ...
61. ... 62. ... 63. ... 64. ...
65. ... 66. ... 67. ... 68. ...
69. ... 70. ... 71. ... 72. ...
73. ... 74. ... 75. ... 76. ...
77. ... 78. ... 79. ... 80. ...
81. ... 82. ... 83. ... 84. ...
85. ... 86. ... 87. ... 88. ...
89. ... 90. ... 91. ... 92. ...
93. ... 94. ... 95. ... 96. ...
97. ... 98. ... 99. ... 100. ...

the truth, as some one has said, of which, since the death of Gogol *** so little has remained in Russian letters. In the story, the two brothers fall wounded, both on the same day -- the last day of the defense. The novel ends with these lines, in which is heard the muttering of a patriotic anger: "The army was leaving the town; and each soldier, as he looked upon deserted Sebastapol, sighed, with an inexpressible bitterness in his heart, and shook his fist in the direction of the enemy." *

When Tolstoi had witnessed the public execution in Paris in 1857 which showed him the emptiness of the superstition of progress, he stated, "When I saw the head part from the body and fall into the basket I understood in every recess of my being that no theory as to the reaction of the present order of things could justify such an act. Even though all the men in the world, supported by this or that theory, were to find it necessary, I myself should know that it was wrong; for it is not what men say or do that decides what is good or bad, but my own heart." ** Tolstoi seemed to understand that light is to be found, not in the crowds, but in the individual conscience of each man, each child of the people.

In Family Happiness, a work unique in its tenderness and charm; he has represented his own marriage which actually took place three years later. In Anna Karenin, also, he related how his declaration to Sophie Bers was effected, and how she replied to it, both of them tracing with one finger, under a table, the initials of words they dared not say. Like Levine in Anna Karenin, he was so cruelly honest as to place his intimate journal in the hands of his betrothed, in order that she should be unaware of none of his

the truth, as some one has said, at which, since the death of
as little has remained in Russian letters. In the story, I
perhaps full rounded, both on the same day - the last day of the
between. The novel ends with these lines, in which is heard the
substance of a pathetic story: "The story was leaving the town; a
each soldier, as he looked upon his fallen comrade, sighed, with
an indescribable bitterness in his heart, and which his lips in the
attention of the enemy."

When Tolstoy had witnessed the public execution in Paris in
1834 which showed him the emptiness of the superstition of punishment
he stated, "When I saw the head part from the body and fall into the
ground I understood in every power of my being that no theory as to
the location of the present order of things could justify such an
Even though all the men in the world, supported by this or that
theory, were to find it necessary, I myself should never take it
and would say it is not what man says or does that makes what is
good or bad, but my own heart." Tolstoy's answer to the question
light is to be found, not in the clouds, but in the individual con-
science of every man, each unit of the people.

In Tristram, a work written in the twenties and thirties
he had represented his own marriage which actually took place three
years later. In Anna Karenina, also, he related how his daughter
Princess Maria was affected, and how she reacted to it, both of
her feelings with her fingers, under a table, the initials of words
they dared not say. Like Anna Karenina, he was so deeply
pained as to blame his highest friend in the name of the
world, in order that one should be unaware of none of his
life of Tolstoy.

transgressions; and Sophie, like Kitty in Anna Karenin, was bitterly hurt by its perusal.

Family Happiness touches on the heights of the joys of early marriage days, followed by the boredom of a monotonous life. Finally the two souls involved softly disengage themselves and grow further and further away from one another. Here, Rolland asserts, the analysis of the writer is deprived of its cruder lights. The secrets of the inward life are divined rather than spoken. There is a harmonious balance of thought and form. Family Happiness has the perfection of a work of Racine.

Rolland feels that War and Peace is the vastest epic of our times -- a modern Iliad. It reminds him of the work of Homer and Goethe. Many readers have been unable to see in it anything but thousands of details, whose profusion amazes and distracts them. This has likewise been a criticism of Romain Rolland. It is true, that the glory of War and Peace resides in the resurrection of a complete historical period with its national migrations, its warfare peoples. Behind them are the invisible forces, the breath of the infinite.

Our critic says that Anna Karenin is a more perfect work, richer in experience, more artistic, but lacking in the fire of youth and enthusiasm of War and Peace. The principal interest of the romance, besides the tragedy of Anna and the varied pictures of Russian society towards 1860, lies in its autobiographical character. More than any other personage of Tolstoi's books,

transcendental and bodily, like Walt Whitman, was divided
but by the personal.

Family happiness founded on the collapse of the idea of easily
settled days, followed by the pursuit of a romantic life.

Finally the two souls involved with themselves and grow
further and further away from one another. Here, Holland asserts.

The analysis of the writer is deprived of its greater light. The
secret of the inward life are divided rather than spoken. There is

a mysterious balance of thought and love. Family Happiness has
perfection of a work of fiction.

Holland feels that War and Peace is the greatest epic of our
times -- a modern Iliad. It remains one of the best of modern and

German. Many readers have been unable to see it as anything but
a mass of details, whose mysterious scenes and characters they

find too slow and even a criticism of Russian history. It is true,
that the story of War and Peace reaches in the resurrection of a

complete historical period with its national traditions, its varied
characters. Behind them are the invisible forces, the breath of the

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of Russian society towards 1860, lies in the autobiographical
character. More than any other romance of Tolstoy's books,

Constantine Levine is the incarnation of the writer himself. Not only has Tolstoi attributed to him his own ideas, conservative and democratic, and the Anti-Liberalism of the provincial aristocratic who despises "intellectuals," but he has made him the gift of part of his own life. Levine saw the antagonism between reason and the heart. He finally converses with the peasants who spoke of men "not for self, but for God." Reason had taught him nothing; all that had been given to him was revealed by the heart. Peace came. He had been led back to God.

Tolstoi himself was disgusted with the "right thinking" people, for whom faith was merely an "Epicurean consolation." He joined definitely with the simple folk who alone lived lives in agreement with their faith. And he saw the life of the laboring people as life itself, and the meaning to be attributed to that life was truth. Tolstoi says, "One day of early spring I was alone in the forest, listening to its sounds. I was thinking of my distress during the last three years; of my search for God; of my perpetual oscillations from joy to despair... and I suddenly saw that I used to live only when I used to believe in God. At the very thought of Him the delightful waves of life stirred in me. Everything around me grew full of life; everything received a meaning. But the moment I no longer believed, life suddenly ceased.

"Then what am I still searching for? A voice cried within me, For Him, without whom man cannot live! To know God and to live -- it is the same thing! For God is life. Since then this light has never again deserted me."*

From this time on Tolstoi saw his life's work--to bring the light of God to his people. His wife was not satisfied nor pleased with his object, but Tolstoi remained firm in his belief.

In the book, What Shall We Do, which is commonly ignored, Tolstoi states that he does not wish to deny art or science, but it is in their name that he seeks to drive the thieves from the temple. He believes that there is no true art but the art which strives for a union of mankind aspiring for happiness through a religious consciousness. The highest art accomplishes it directly by the power of love, but there is another art which participates in the same article by attacking with weapons of scorn and indignation, all that opposes this fraternity.

In speaking of Ressurrection Rolland says, "It is the last peak, perhaps the highest -- if not the most stupendous -- whose invisible summit is lost in the mists. Tolstoi is seventy years old. He contemplates the world, his life, his past mistakes, his faith, his righteous anger.

"He sees them from a height. We find the same ideals as in his previous books; as in War and Peace, soars above his subject. To the sombre irony, the mental tumult of the Kreutzer Sonata and the Death of Ivan Illyitch he adds a religious serenity, a detachment from the world, which is faithfully reflected in himself. One is reminded, at times, of a Christian Goethe..... All the more admirable is his impeccable observation -- a faultless mirror. What a wealth of types, of precise details! How everything is seen; baseness and

virtue, without hardness, without weakness, but with a serene understanding and a brotherly pity." *

The position of Tolstoi and Romain Rolland seem almost similar when towards the latter years of their lives they felt isolated, alone, misunderstood. This was partly due to the fact that they thought ahead of their time, nevertheless, they lived steadfastly according to their ideals. Tolstoi occupied a unique position in that he was a stranger to all parties, to all countries, and rejected by his church. Rolland, although rejected from his country during the war, at least kept many of his life long friends and remained in the church.

Tolstoi waged war against the Liberals and Socialists in his own country. It was not for the purpose of promoting autocracy; on the contrary, it was to clean up and eliminate the disorderly and dangerous elements. He says, "I believe that at this very hour the great revolution is beginning which has been preparing for two thousand years in the Christian world, the revolution which will substitute for corrupted Christianity and the system of domination which proceeds therefrom, the true Christianity, the basis of equality between men and the true liberty to which all beings endowed with reason aspire." **

Tolstoi felt that because the Russian people were thoroughly steeped in the true Christianity, a revolution which was inevitable would release, in the name of Christ, the law of union and of love. He had a most intelligent understanding of the unnecessary of the brutality of war. This is also the absolute position of Romain

* Life of Tolstoi, pp. 237, 238
 ** " " " " p. 265

Rolland. Tolstoi asserts, however, that this law of love, or of complete understanding, can be fulfilled through a non-resistance to evil. This non-resistance has always been an essential trait of the Russian people. It is a voluntary submission which they prefer rather than to enter into a conflict with power, This commandment of non-resistance to evil is understood to be the most effectual means of conflict. Tolstoi believes that a true Christian may be forced to submit to violence; but he does not recognize it as legitimate. One of the most tragic examples of a non-resistance of a people was during a seige in St. Petersburg, (Jan. 22, 1900) when an unarmed crowd, led by Father Gapon, allowed itself to be shot down without a cry of hatred or a gesture of self-defence.

Tolstoi never urged any one to refuse military service. He believed it to be a matter for every man to decide for himself. He further believed that those who are persecuted should not at any cost break their relations with or despise those who persecute them. He says, "One must love even Herod.... I know, and you also, that if I do not love him I suffer, that there is no life in me." And yet Tolstoi distrusted an abstract love. Again he says, "To love those we do not know, those whom we shall never meet, is so easy a thing! There is no need to sacrifice anything, and at the same time we are so pleased with ourselves!.... We must love our neighbors, those we live with, and who are in our way and embarrass us." *

It is said that the faith and philosophy of Tolstoi are not original. I agree with Romain Rolland when he brings out the thought that such truths and ideas are eternal and can never be a momentary

*Life of Tolstoi, pp. 274, 275.

fashion. Some may call them Utopian -- but, says Rolland, the New Testament is Utopian, a prophet is Utopian. A man may live in the midst of a people filled with hatred, stained with blood, but he is able to catch a glimpse of this truth of eternity, to remain calm, peaceful, unmoved, strong in his spirit of fraternal love. This is the height to which Tolstoi has aspired, and none the less has Romain Rolland aspired in his footsteps.

It is to such leaders as these that we owe progress. The seed must be planted. Tolstoi was often saddened, but not discouraged. He had continually faith in God and in the future. He says, "All would be perfect if one could grow a forest in the wink of an eye. Unhappily, this is impossible; we must wait until the seed germinates, until the shoots push up, the leaves come, and then finally the stem becomes a tree."* Rolland adds that many trees are needed to make a forest; and Tolstoi was alone; glorious but alone. Tolstoi replies, "We must not go in search of one another, but we must all seek God You say; 'Together it is easier,' -- What? To labor, to reap, yes. But to draw near to God -- one can only do so in isolation ... It is enough to be one and alone if one is with God."**

His faith gave him weapons with which to wage war upon the lies of modern society. He attacked the hypocrisies of religion, the state, science, art, socialism, popular education, benevolence, and pacificism. Rousseau in his love of nature, his hatred of modern society, his jealous independence, his adoration of Christian morals, is a precursor of Tolstoi, who says of him, "Pages like this go to

* Life of Tolstoi, p. 282
 ** " " " p. 283

... it is enough to be one and alone if one is also God. ...
... that is how Tolstoy was often addressed, but not discouraged.
... he had continually faith in God and in the future. He says, "All
... would be perfect if the world grew a forest in the blink of an eye.
... Unhappily, this is impossible; we must wait until the seed germinates
... until the shoots push up, the leaves come, and then finally the tree
... becomes a tree." Tolstoy adds that many trees are needed to
... make a forest; and Tolstoy was alone; children but alone. Tolstoy
... said, "The world and its needs of one another, but we must all
... stand out ... for each; 'Tolstoy it is easier' -- 'What? To labor,
... yes, yes. But to have none to God -- one can only do as in labor
... It is enough to be one and alone if one is also God." ...
... He said to give his message with which he was well upon the line
... of human dignity. He attacked the hypocrites of religion, the
... state, science, art, socialism, popular education, conservatism, and
... everything. He was the voice of nature, the voice of nature
... and the voice of the human conscience. His rejection of Christianity was
... a rejection of Tolstoy, the voice of his, "I have lived and I
... am a man of Tolstoy."

my heart; I feel that I should have written them."*

Throughout all of Tolstoi's life there was the struggle for truth and love. Throughout all the realism of Tolstoi there is the wonderful link of love. One cannot help but feel the "chain of brotherhood" which joins us all. One feels his love in everything and through each of his characters. "By love he penetrates to the roots of life." **

"Tolstoi was the highest type of the free Christian, who strives all his life towards an ideal that is always remote."*** He strove to be a leader of the average people, to be to them as a conscience, to be, as he loved to style himself in his letters, by that most beautiful of titles -- "a brother."

*Life of Tolstoi	p. 311
** " " "	p.316
*** " " "	p.320

at heart; I feel that I should have written more."

Throughout his at Tolstoy's life there was the struggle for

truth and love. Tolstoy and his followers of the "New Religion" were
essential life of love. One cannot help but feel the "struggle of
progress" which came on all. The "New Religion" was in everything
and through each of his characters. The love he mentioned in the
"New Religion" is

"Tolstoy was the highest type of the New Christian, who believed
all his life towards an ideal that is a true reality." "The struggle
to be a leader of the average people, to be to love as a companion,
to be, as he loved to style himself in his letters, 'the common
people of the world' -- a purpose."

"Life of Tolstoy" p. 111
p. 112
p. 113

Mahatma Gandhi

"Soft dark eyes, a small frail man, with thin face..... his head covered with a little white cap, his body clothed in coarse white cloth, bare footed. He live on rice and fruit and drinks only water. He sleeps on the floor -- sleeps very little, and works incessantly. His body does not seem to count at all.....

".....the man who has stirred three hundred million people to revolt, who has shaken the foundations of the British Empire....." This is Romain Rolland's description in part of the man, Gandhi. *

His real name is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. He was born at Porbandar, a little semi-independent state in the northwestern part of India, Oct. 2, 1868.

As Romain Rolland has mentioned in his letter,** the spirit of non-resistance is carefully adhered to by Mahatma Gandhi. The book relates of the life of Gandhi, his education, his ideals, his work, his accomplishments. With careful penetration Rolland reads the soul of the man.

* Mahatma Gandhi, pl

** P ersonal letter.

See Thesis, p.15

By Romain Rolland
Trans. by Catherine D. Groth.
New York. Century Co. 1924

Walden Journal

"But I am glad, I could be so, with this loss....."

His head covered with a little white cap, his face wrinkled in

thought, his eyes, were closed. His face was pale and thin.

and under his eyes. He always on the floor - always very

little, and with his hands. The body was not good to carry

of all.....

".....The man who had helped these people - all the

his to reach, who had helped the foundation of the British

Science....." This is what Walden's description in 1847

the man, Walden?

The first name is Walden's Walden's name. He was born

at Farnham, a little west of Farnham, and in the north-west

part of London, Jan. 2, 1847.

As Walden's name was mentioned in the letter, the name

of his father is certainly referred to by Walden's name. The

book written by the life of Walden, his education, his ideas, his

work, his philosophical. With careful consideration Walden's

the end of the year.

Walden's name, 21
** I at least
The first, 21

50 Walden's name
The first, 21
New York, 1847

For years Gandhi directed the men of India and sacrificed everything for their enlightenment because he believed that it was his duty. For twenty years he carried on a campaign in South Africa without awakening special comment in Europe. This was exceptional.

When the British extended their domineering and heartless rule over the people of India, Rolland tells us that Gandhi permitted no retaliation, neither could persecution make him renounce his ideals; on the contrary, his faith grew stronger for his trials.*

At the time when thousands of the people of India were shot down, the followers of Gandhi quietly awaited their turn with only prayers in their hearts. No feeling of animosity or hatred was allowed entrance. This, again, is the attitude of non-resistance as brought out in the Life of Tolstoi.

Gandhi believes in Hinduism, but not to the exclusion of all other religions. He is religious by nature; a political leader by necessity. He claims that the New Testament has influenced him more than any other book. He also claims that he does not "disbelieve in idol worship," and in attempting to explain this statement he says that he has no veneration for idols but believes idol worship to be a part of human nature.** Rolland says, "Gandhi is a Tolstoi in a more gentle, approved, and if I dared I would say, in a more Christian sense, for Tolstoi is not so much a Christian by nature as by force of will." ***

Gandhi heroically carried on his work according to the theory of non-resistance, fully persuaded that he was acting for the good

* Mahatma Gandhi, pp9
 ** " " p.42
 *** " " p.49

of his people, and that he would, if they lived up to their belief, be able to free them from British rule. It makes me marvel to think of the following he had, the power he wielded -- although one of the humblest of men. But every time he thought the moment for non-cooperation had come, he found that the masses were not ready. He founded schools, improved the morals of the people, and introduced weaving throughout India. It was not his wish to allow any other interest to take the place of agriculture, but to stimulate the people to greater activity. He wanted, also, to make them resourceful; so that when the desired moment came, they would be able to stand alone. He had a bonfire built of all the beautiful and valuable materials which had been brought from England because he thought that it would be unjust to use the "poisonous articles," -- that a surgical operation was necessary. He continually declared that India's economic life must be freed from foreign domination.

With all Gandhi's education, kindness, and his spiritual discernment, he clings tenacously to views which I cannot appreciate. Perhaps he has reasons which are valid, perhaps he is capable of taking the larger look; but, again, he may be holding to old traditions and nothing more. Apart from his religious convictions, which I have not attempted to comment upon, I feel that progress, the grateful acceptance of new inventions, and an education that is ever growing wider and broader are the rightful heritage of every people. However, it seems wonderful to me that a man should spring from those unenlightened masses who has such

solid convictions, such an unselfish nature, and such a will to carry on as Mahatma Gandhi. He says "Our object is friendship with the whole world. Non-violence has come to men, and it will remain. It is the annunciation of peace on earth."*

It is the voice of Rolland which exclaims "The peace of the world is far off. We have no illusions. We have seen, abundantly, during the course of half a century, the hypocrisy, the cowardice, and the cruelty of mankind. But this does not prevent us from loving mankind. For even among the worst there is nescio quid Dei." **

The book is more than a biography of the character, Jean Christophe. It is an analysis, a synthesis, a criticism of present day life in all its varying moods and phases. It is an estimate of European culture, a treatise on music, a glimpse of racial prejudices, a discussion of politics, a psychological study of human beings, and much more besides. There is nothing of a conventional plot in the story. Its connecting link throughout the two volumes is the history of a human soul. In the story, Rolland himself has been most successful in exposing the ills of our contemporary civilization.

The aim of the author through his character, Jean Christophe, is the quest for truth. The book is a spiritual

* Mahatma Gandhi, last page.

** " " " " " "

Henry Holt and Co., N. Y. 1911
Translated by Gilbert Cannan

solid foundations, such as unshakable peace, and a life of
happiness and contentment. It says that peace is the
only way to happiness. For peace has come to all
peoples. It is the foundation of peace on earth.
It is the basis of all human happiness. The peace of the
world is far off. We have no illusions. We have seen, abundant
during the course of half a century, the hypocrisy, the
lies, and the cruelty of mankind. But this does not prevent us
from having faith. For even when the worst things happen
still we have faith.

... ..

The Interpretation of the Book

Jean Christophe

In speaking of the origin of his book, Jean Christophe, Romain Rolland has written, "I was isolated; like so many in France I was stifling in a world morally inimical to me; I wanted air: I wanted to react against an unhealthy civilization. To do so I needed a hero with a pure heart and unclouded vision, whose soul would be stainless enough for him to have the right to speak; one whose voice would be loud enough for him to gain a hearing."*

The book is more than a biography of the character, Jean Christophe Krafft. It is an analysis, a synthesis, a criticism of present day life in all its varying moods and phases. It is an estimate of European culture, a treatise on music, a glimpse of racial prejudices, a discussion of politics, a psychological study of human beings, and much more besides. There is nothing of a conventional plot in the story. Its connecting link throughout the ten volumes is the history of a human soul. In the story, Romain Rolland has been most successful in exposing the evils of our contemporary civilization.

The one aim of the author through his character, Jean Christophe, is the quest for truth. The book is a spiritual

*Jean Christophe - preface - pp. 5,6.

Henry Holt and Co., N. Y. 1911
Translated by Gilbert Cannon.

The Interpretation of the Book

Jean Christophe

In speaking of the origin of his book, Jean Christophe, Romain Rolland has written, "I was isolated; like so many in France I was striving in a world morally inimical to me; I wanted air; I wanted to react against an unhealthy civilization. To do so I needed a hero with a pure heart and profound vision, whose soul would be stainless enough for him to have the right to speak; and whose voice would be loud enough for him to gain a hearing."

The book is more than a biography of the character, Jean Christophe Krantz. It is an analysis, a synthesis, a criticism of present-day life in all its varying moods and phases. It is an analysis of European culture, a treatise on music, a glimpse of religious philosophy, a discussion of politics, a psychological study of human beings, and much more besides. There is nothing of a conventional plot in the story. The connecting link throughout the ten volumes is the history of a human soul. In the story, Romain Rolland has been most successful in exposing the evils of our contemporary civilization.

The one aim of the author through his character, Jean Christophe, is the quest for truth. The book is a spiritual

experience, a growth in the appreciation of moral values. Its key note is sincerity.

The Interpretation of the Characters

Jean Christophe

Romain Rolland opens his story with the character Jean Christophe Drafft when the new-born baby is lying in his cradle. "The child wakes and cries, and his eyes are troubled. Oh! how terrible! The darkness, the sudden flash of the lamp, the hallucinations of a mind as yet hardly detached from chaos, the stifling, roaring night in which it is enveloped, the illimitable gloom from which, like blinding shafts of light, there emerge faces leaning over him, those eyes that pierce through him, penetrating, are beyond his comprehension! He has not the strength to cry out, terror holds him motionless, with eyes and mouth wide open and he rattles in his throat. His large head, that seems to have swollen up, is wrinkled with the grotesque and lamentable grimaces that he makes; the skin of his face and hands is brown and purple, and spotted with yellow...." *

The boy's paternal ancestors were artists. His father and grandfather were musicians, both well known, being in a small town on the Rhine, not far from the Belgian frontier. Jean Christophe lived here until he was twenty years of age. His mother was from the servant class, and his grandfather had been

* Jean Christophe - pp. 1,2.

experience, a growth in the appreciation of moral values. The
not note is elementary.

The Interpretation of the Characters Jean Christophe

Romain Rolland opens his story with the character Jean
Christophe briefly when the new-born baby is lying in the stable.
The child sobs and cries, and his eyes are troubled. Oh! how
terrible! The darkness, the sudden flash of the lamp, the
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The boy's general appearance were striking. His features and
character were masculine, both well known, being in a small town
on the Rhine, not far from the Belgian frontier. Jean Chris-
tophe lived here until he was twenty years of age. His father
was from the servant class, and his grandfather had been

saddened and humiliated by his son's marriage, for he had wished to make of his son Melchior the success which he had failed to make of himself. The young man's marriage has destroyed all his ambitions. For more than a hundred years no Krafft had married a woman who was not a musician.

It is here that Romain Rolland shows the contrast between the ideal and the real, between the efforts of a genius to express what is in his soul, and the repressing force of a community which looks backward.

The idea has been expressed that the scenes and characters of this book, Jean Christophe, have no national significance, as the author is representing life in Europe but is not satirizing a people or a community. Jean Christophe represents Germany; his friends and associates are typical of the ideas and thoughts of the various classes of Germans. This analysis continues through four volumes, L'Aube, Le Matin, La Jeunesse, La Revolte.

The course of Jean Christophe is a strange development through his twenty years of boyhood. While still very young, his father teaches him the piano. He glimpses a glorious future for his son and an equally bright old age for himself as the father of a prodigy and a genius. He is a weak over-bearing character and dies before long, a drunkard, and the boy is left to go his own irresponsible way which is often typical of the life of a genius. He is incapable of meeting opposition, and a disastrous result is inevitable: as a composer and

teacher he rises quickly in public esteem, and takes an equally rapid fall. Romain Rolland has led us through all his varying experiences, has revealed his motives, laid bare his emotions, and described in unvarnished detail his different love affairs.

The actions and ideas of Jean Christophe seem at times to be those of the utmost folly; in fact, they are inexplicable. He lacks judgment, balance, and his nature is much too intense for a so considered normal man. He is the type of an irresponsible artist or genius whose conduct in all its extremes is due to an inordinate egoism. It seems impossible for the youth to accommodate himself to his environment. He is living in a world for which he is not suited and he is continually struggling against his surroundings, thinking that he can change the world by his combative attitude.

So many times in reading of Christophe's mental condition have I laid down the book, and although suffering with the dear boy in my sympathetic attitude, I have wanted to talk with him and explain to him that these problems of his are nothing more than outward manifestations of his inward state of mind. When he has experienced such quarrels and misunderstandings with his friends and publishers how I have yearned to be able to soften Jean Christophe, to make him more loving and more patient, to curb his impetuosity, to help him to realize that these other people with whom he comes in such painful contact reflect the same goodness that he, Jean Christophe, has in his soul, and

that a realization of this on his part would inevitable help to bring this attitude to him. He is much too explosive, too stubborn, too egotistical to consider anything but his own immediate opinions and desires.

Jean Christophe does awaken, eventually, to a state of peace, assurance, and calmness, that is, he learns to find himself; but before he is willing to listen to others, he has to take some bitter lessons and merciless beatings.

The author retains his consistent view of Jean Christophe's character in its gradual growth toward spiritual freedom. Throughout the entire epic he has presented many of his own opinions yet they are so fused into the story that it is difficult to tell which are his own personal convictions and which are the ideas of the various characters. The story moves at a rapid pace considering the fact that it deals with all the problems, perplexities, joys, and sorrows which confront the hero. It brings to life one character after another, old and young, men and women, as they cross the path of Jean Christophe. This life and boyhood of Jean Christophe reminds one continually of the lives and similar experiences of the masters Beethoven, Wagner, and later Haendel and also Gluck. It is from Beethoven however, that he has borrowed the greatest number of traits. Beethoven's mother was also from the servant class, his father a musician of the court. Jean Christophe, like Beethoven, did not have a happy childhood. He was always seeking to under-

that a realization of this in his own mind would help to
bring this existence to its end. He is not too exclusive, for when
here, too, he is not too exclusive, for when
solutions are desired.

John Christy does not, eventually, in a sense of
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character in the gradual growth toward spiritual freedom.

Throughout the entire work he has presented every aspect of his own belief
and for that we are told that the story is in itself a

self which are his own personal conviction and which are the
basis of the entire philosophy. The story moves in a series

from something the fact that it deals with all the emotions,
passion, desire, love, and sorrow which are the heart. It

returns to life and character after another, old and young, but
and women, as they cross the path of John Christy.

Life and passion of John Christy's world and continually of
the lives and similar experiences of his readers.

Warner, and later Randall and also Oliver. It is from this
however, that we have learned the greatest lesson of truth.

Christy's mother was also from the servant class, his father
a member of the court. John Christy, like his mother, did

not have a happy childhood. He was always seeking to under-

stand things, he was struggling against the gross and material thought of his environment.

In the fourth volume Jean Christophe leaves Germany, fleeing from the militarism which has devastated the country of his birth. His first experiences in Paris were extremely hard and painful as he found France so entirely different from what he had anticipated. He is searching continually for the real France as he has dreamed of it, the real France which seems to be hidden by the false "glitter" of the capital. In Paris Jean Christophe undergoes hardships and humiliations much like those of Wagner, who had to support himself by arranging operatic airs for the cornet. He has contact with Jews, Italians, Germans, Levantines, South Americans. He finds decadence, sensuality, stagnation around him. There seems to be no real art. All was show, sham, luxury, noise, and the spirit of death.

Christophe had come to France with the traditional German view: that the French were clever, skilled in practical things, amiable, talkative but frivolous, susceptible, and boastful, not serious nor sincere.

Olivier

During his first weeks in Paris he saw much to strengthen this impression. Later on, however, he learns that this France through which he has been struggling is only the surface. By means of his friendship with Olivier, brother of Antoinette whom

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In the town of Saint Christophe, leaving from the situation which had devastated the country of the island. His first experience in Paris was extremely hard and painful as he found France to be entirely different from what he had anticipated. He is searching continually for the real France as he has dreamed of it, the real France which seems to be hidden by the false "glitter" of the capital. In Paris, Jean Christophe understands hardship and humiliation which life knows at home, who had to assert himself by struggling against life for the corner. He has contact with Jews, Italians, Germans, Levantines, could Americans. He finds decadence, sensuality, materialism around him. There seems to be no real life. All was noise, show, luxury, noise, and the spirit of death.

Christophe had come to France with the traditional German view that the French were clever, skilled in practical things, artistic, talkative but frivolous, susceptible, and boastful, not serious nor sincere.

Olivier

During his first weeks in Paris he was much to strengthen his impression. Later on, however, he learns that this France through which he has been travelling is only the surface. By means of his friendship with Olivier, brother of Antoinette whom

he had previously met in Germany and by whom he had been loved, he begins to know and admire the real France. This real France is disclosed to him, not in academies or salons, but in scattered individuals. Instead of being one of the most systematic of nations, it was the most divided.

"There was no unanimity on any subject in France except at those very rare moments when unanimity assumed an epidemic character, and, as a rule, it was wrong, for it was morbid. A crazy individualism predominated in every kind of French activity; in scientific research as well as in commerce, for it prevented business men from combining and organizing working agreements."

All this is contrary to general belief. It is a startling awakening -- it is a decided breaking away from conventional preconceived ideas -- it is the revolt against Naturalism, if you will, -- it is a shaking up -- a subject on which thinkers of today will do well to ponder.

"You are all the same," Olivier tells him. "All your countrymen who come among us see only the parasites who suck our blood, literary, political, and financial adventurers, with their minions and their hangers-on and their harlots; and they judge France by the wretched creatures who prey on her. Not one of you has any idea of the real France living under oppression, or of the reserve of vitality in the French provinces or of the great mass of the people who go on working, heedless of the uproar and pother made by their masters of a day.

Christophe now discerns new qualities: "Instead of a gay, sociable, careless, brilliant people he saw men of headstrong and

close temper, living in isolation, wrapped about with a seeming optimism, like a gleaming mist, while they were, in fact, steeped in a deep-rooted and serene pessimism, possessed by fixed ideas, intellectual passions, indomitable souls, which it would have been easier to destroy than to alter."

Through the volume The Market Place, Antoinette, The House, Love and Friendship the friendship with Olivier deepens while Christophe's understanding of France becomes richer and more accurate.

No one can fail to be impressed with the insight of the author into national characteristics and ideals. Some of these have been strikingly revealed in the late world war. Jean Christophe was not supposed to have been written for the purpose of prophecy, yet in chapter after chapter Rolland has anticipated subjects of discussion and conclusions which have been made following the great war. For instance: "When a nation has been as we have been, then it were far better to die rather than to sink from greatness. Therefore let the ideas of the world rush into the channels of our minds! I am not afraid. The flood will go down of its own accord after it has enriched the soil of France with its ooze."

"'My poor dear fellow,' said Christophe, 'but its a grim prospect in the meanwhile. Where will you be when your France emerges from the Nile? Don't you think it would be better to fight against it? You wouldn't risk anything except defeat, and you seem inclined to

impose that on yourself as long as you like.'" "

"'I should be risking much more than defeat,' said Olivier. 'I should be running the risk of losing my peace of mind, which I prize far more than victory. I will not be a party to hatred. I will be just to all my enemies. In the midst of passion I wish to preserve the clarity of my vision, to understand and lose everything.'" *

Romain Rolland has preserved a mental state where he has been capable of viewing the strength and the weakness of the two nations, the Germans and the French, with a wonderfully impartial judgment.

In one passage, describing a war scare, Rolland anticipates some of the most striking situations of the actual outbreak. The trouble arises from the "insane vanity of German Imperialism, drunk with victory, and the absolute incapacity of German statesmen to understand other races. The great mass of the German people had nothing at all to do with the provocation. They were shocked by it. The honest men of every country ask only to be allowed to live in peace; and the people of Germany are particularly peaceful, affectionate, anxious to be on good terms with everybody, and much more inclined to admire and emulate other nations than to go to war with them."

Under the pressure of an approaching war, all the discordant elements of France fly together, and the friendship of Olivier and Christophe which they thought to have been established above

national prejudice comes near to disruption.

"Yes," said Christophe, good humoredly, when the storm was passed, "I have seen you all united... Its a fine thing to feel the mighty torrent rushing you along, and the demons that were let loose in your hearts!"

'They terrify me, said Olivier, 'I would rather have eternal solitude than have my people united at such a cost.' " *

In the Burning Bush is depicted a revolutionary upheaval in France, during which Olivier is killed. Jean Christophe is almost crazed by the shock of losing his friend and he seeks relief from mental torment as well as from a physical breakdown in the home of an acquaintance of his in Germany, a Dr. Braun. Having passed through periods of the most intense mental anguish, Jean Christophe finally learns to recognize life for what it is. Upon his awakening, then in Switzerland he says:

"Oh Life, O Life! I see.....I sought thee in myself, in my own empty shut in soul, my soul is broken: the sweet air pours in through the windows of my wounds: I breathe again. I have found Thee once more, O Life! I have found thee again.... Hold thy peace, and listen." **

"He had left Christophe and gone over to God." ***

"Human will can do nothing without God's."

"And Christophe understood the wisdom of old Hayden who went down on his knees each morning before he took pen in hand... Watch and pray. Pray to God that He may be with you. Keep in loving

* Jean Christophe Vol. Burning Bushp. 337
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and pious communion with the Spirit of Life."

"And Christophe's soul was like the lark. It knew that it would soon come down to earth again, and many times. But it knew also, that it would unwearyingly ascend in the fire, singing its 'tirra - lirra' which tells of the light of the heavens to those who are^{on} earth below." *

"Now that he was caught up again by the creative force which flows through the world, he was amazed to the point of ecstasy at the world's wealth. He loved, he was, his neighbor as himself." **

Christophe had learned to find himself. He had learned what love really was and his heart went out to others. The thought of Romain Rolland is typically expressed in the following passage when he refers to Jean Christophe.

"Christophe felt utterly weary of the fevered, sterile world, the conflict between egoisms and ideas, the little groups of human beings deeming themselves above humanity, the ambitious, the thinkers, the artists who think themselves the brain of the world, and are no more than a haunting, evil dream. And all his love went out to those thousands of simple souls, of every nation, whose lives burn away in silence, pure flames of kindness, faith, and sacrifice, -- the heart of the world." ***

Grazia

With a new revelation in his heart Jean Christophe goes to

* Jean Christophe Vol. Burning Bush p. 344
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Italy where he meets Grazia, whom he had known before, -- Grazia, who represents the spirit of Italy. When Christophe first sees her, the aristocratic young woman at the evening concert who seems to be his friend, gazing at him through the reflection of a mirror, he was reminded of his little girl friend in the far distant town of his birth.

Christophe had already been enriched by Olivier's mind, but Grazia brought him a rarer treasure -- a treasure which up to this time Christophe had never possessed, and that was joy. "The joy of the soul, and of the eyes -- Light. The smile of the Latin skies, that loves the ugliness of the humblest things and sets the stones of the old walls flowering, and endows even sadness with its calm radiance." *

It is impossible to describe the tranquillity of soul, the inner peace and quiet joy which is brought to the consciousness of Christophe by Grazia. It is the calm assurance of an inner strength, of a victory won. It is the very spirit of a joyous Italy blended with the combined forces of a France and a Germany. It is a perfect union of souls. It is a symbolism of a unified Europe.

Thus the novel Jean Christophe is a group of ideas. It is an interpretation of life, dealing not chiefly with the intellectuals, but with the common humanity as well. It has been Romain Rolland's ambition to help people to conquer their prejudices, to overcome their faults, to dispell their fears, and to broaden their

* Jean Christophe Vol. New Dawn p. 378

perspective. This has been the growth of Jean Christophe. Rolland has desired to bring this about not through harshness nor intolerance, but with all the kindness and love possible. He says, "If any man would see the living God face to face, he must seek him, not in the empty firmament of his own brain, but in the love of men."

This novel is unquestionably significant in that it presents to its readers the mind and the development of the soul of a man. One can scarcely judge it from ordinary literary standards for it is distinctly original, but since its publication a shorter type of the psychological or subjective novel has become extremely popular.

It does not require a technical knowledge of music on the part of the reader to appreciate the struggle of the hero although he is a rare musician with characteristics of Beethoven, of Wagner and somewhat of Hugo Wolf. But with all, the book is permeated with ideas of Rolland. To one unacquainted with the conditions and problems of modern Europe, many of the allusions to contemporary art, music, letters, and social life, are lost. Nevertheless, the book is certainly stimulating and most instructive.

The ideas of Tolstoi, with his ethical theories pertaining to art and literature and the references made to the shallow, meaningless productions with which Europe has been surfeited during the late generation, are prevalent.

Romain Rolland has endeavored to be a leader for those

consequence. This has been the story of the English.

England has failed to give this story its proper treatment.

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There is no story of the English and the English.

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There is no story.

This novel is undoubtedly significant in that it shows

the English the kind of development of the kind of a man.

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upholding the idealistic forces of a new era. The lessons which are offered are aids to the goal of brotherhood for which he aspires, the free spirits of all nations who suffer, fight and will prevail. Romain Rolland realized that each generation must wage its own battle for truth, and having done this, make place for a younger generation, leaving its pioneers to blaze a trail according to their understanding. He believes that fighting and working for truth is the main issue of life.

The words of the author in the preface of the last volume bear witness to his idea: "I have written the tragedy of a generation which is nearing its end. I have sought to conceal neither its vices nor its virtues, its profound sadness, its chaotic pride, its heroic efforts, its despondency beneath the overwhelming burden of a superhuman task, the burden of the whole world, the reconstruction of the world's morality, its esthetic principles, its faith, the forging of a new humanity. -- Such we have been."

"You young men: you men of today, march over us, trample us under your feet, and press onward. Be ye greater and happier than we."

"For myself, I bid the soul that was mine farewell. I cast it from me like an empty shell. Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. We must die, Christophe, to be born again." *

In this great novel of Jean Christophe, Romain Rolland has

...the ... of a new era. The ... which
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reproduced for the reader much of his own life, perhaps more than in his other books. It is a generally accepted belief that he has interspersed throughout autobiographical occurrences with his own ideas, his dreams, his visions, and his experiences of life; only everything is changed. He is represented by the two characters Jean Christophe and Olivier. They present in a way, the two sides of his character: what he is and what he would like to be. They complement each other by their differences. One is the strong indomitable character, filled with physical and mental force and energy, a genius to the very core; the other is the frail, sensitive, intuitive type somewhat timid, cultured and refined, and a clear thinker. Jean Christophe is the impulsive, creative, universal side of Rolland's temperament. Olivier is the reflective, critical, ironical, and possibly, the Gallic spirit. He represents the pure ideas of French art and life.

I wish to quote a few references to the friendship existing between the two characters, Olivier and Jean Christophe: "Each enriched the other's nature. Olivier had serenity of mind and a sickly body. Christophe had mighty strength and a stormy soul. They were in some sort like a blind man and a cripple. Now that they were together they felt sound and strong. Living in the shadow of Christophe, Olivier recovered his joy in the light. Christophe transmitted to him something of his abounding vitality, his physical and moral robustness, which, even in sorrow, even in injustice, even in hate, inclined to optimism." *

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 shadow of Christophe, Olivier recovered his joy in the light.
 Christophe transmitted to him something of his astounding vitality,
 his physical and moral robustness, which, even in sorrow, even in
 indignation, even in hate, lent him an optimism."

"Sometimes they misunderstood each other. Olivier's mind was a mixture of faith, liberty, passion, irony, and universal doubt, for which Christophe could not find working formula. Olivier, on his part, was distressed by Christophe's lack of psychology; being of an old intellectual stock, and therefore aristocratic, he was moved to smile at the awkwardness of such vigorous, though lumbering and single mind, which had no power of self-analysis, and was always being taken in by others and by itself. Christophe's sentimentality, his noisy outbursts, his facile emotions, used sometimes to exasperate Olivier, to whom they seemed absurd. Not to speak of a certain worship for force, the German conviction of the excellence of fist-morality, Faustrecht, to which Olivier and his countrymen had good reason for not subscribing." *

"And Christophe could not bear Olivier's irony, which used sometimes to make him furious with exasperation; he could not bear his mania for arguing, his perpetual analysis, and the curious intellectual immorality, which was surprising in a man who set so much store by moral purity as Olivier, and arose from the very breadth of his mind, to which every kind of negation was detestable, -- so that he took a delight in the contemplation of ideas the opposite of his own. Olivier's outlook on things was in some sort historical and panoramic; it was so necessary for him to understand everything that he always saw reasons for and against, and supported each in turn, according as the opposite

thesis was put forward; and so amid such contradictions he lost his way. He would leave Christophe hopelessly perplexed. It was not that he had any desire to contradict nor any taste for paradox; it was an imperious need in him for justice and common sense; he was exasperated by the stupidity of any assumption, and he had to react against it. The crudeness with which Christophe judged immoral men and actions, by seeing everything as much coarser and more brutal than it really was, distressed Olivier, who was just as moral, but was not of the same unbending steel; he allowed himself to be tempted, colored, and molded by outside influences. He would protest against Christophe's exaggerations and fly off into exaggeration in the opposite direction. Almost everyday this perverseness of mind would make him take up the cudgels for his adversaries against his friends. Christophe would lose his temper. He would cry out upon Olivier's sophistry and his indulgence of hateful things and people. Olivier would smile, he knew the utter absence of illusion that lay behind his indulgence; he knew that Christophe believed in many more things than he did, and had a greater power of acceptance! But Christophe would look neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight ahead." *

The idealism of Romain Rolland is clearly perceptible in his manner of handling the most commonplace scenes and characters; one feels throughout the story that he loves humanity as it exists, and it is the humanity of Europe which he is trying to portray in

Jean Christophe. This is what he has succeeded in depicting with surprising accuracy, the atmosphere, the local color, and the characters.

Minor Characters

Jean Christophe is a study of human hearts, as someone has said, "of human hearts lovingly and patiently disclosed." The reader is drawn irresistibly to his various character pictures even though they be of an unobtrusive and possibly uninteresting type. One feels there is something so real in them that they become like next door neighbors to us. Louisa, the mother of Jean Christophe is a good, ignorant peasant woman whom one might scarcely notice in real life unless the occasion should present itself to reveal to us the noble qualities of self-sacrifice, humility and unselfish love which she showed to Jean Christophe. There is a warmth and beauty of soul to this dear woman as drawn by Romain Rolland.

The same is true, also, of the odd, serene, old Gottfried, the brother of Louisa. Mr. Edward Sapir, in Jean Christophe an Epic of Humanity says, "If I were to give you a brief summary of what he is and thinks and does -- what little he does, -- you would yawn apprehensively with fear of the oppressive dullness of the good. But Gottfried is sturdy for all his humility and goodness. You look him in the eye and somehow you begin to feel very small."* Why is this? Because in my estimation he, too, has caught a

* Epic of Humanity, by Edward Sapir. Dial 62

glimpse of the power of spirituality. He has learned to express that inner joyousness and contentment which springs from a deeper source than mere human ideas and whims of happiness. He is perfectly willing to wander here and there with his wares, allowing the Lord to use him wherever he may do the most good to those humble souls with whom he comes in contact. There again, self was effaced.

Schulz, the obscure music-lover, who revealed Jean Christophe to himself, is another who might readily be misunderstood in actual life. At least one would be disgusted with him, yet Romain Rolland has so interpreted his soul that one admires him for his childish exuberance in receiving Jean Christophe in his home.

And then there is Sabine, the lovely, silent pensive little widow, who, apparently with no depth or strength of character whatever, finally dies and causes Jean Christophe to grieve so bitterly. Personally I can see nothing in Sabine, she seemed so unawake, but Christophe loved her, and that is enough.

Possibly in no character in Jean Christophe is the art of Romain Rolland more subtly shown than in Antoinette. Antoinette relinquishes all of her human instincts, passions, and longings in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Everything is given up for her brother for whom she works, scrimps and saves, night and day, until finally, her strength gone, just as he is educated and ready to teach, she dies. Although she had to rub against the sordid side of life, she kept her inner self as pure and sweet

as a secluded garden. She is almost intangible in her essence of sweetness and purity.

Then there is the coquetry of Colette, light and superficial. The suffering, dark pent up questioning soul of Emmanuel whom one irresistibly wants to free from his bondage. How sweet and patient Olivier was to him, and what adoration he felt for him in return. I can hear Emmanuel's query: "'But the people who go to Mass, the people who believe in God, are all cracked, aren't they?'" *

With Olivier's reply: "'They believe,' he said, 'as we do. We all believe the same thing. Only their belief is less than ours. They are people who have to shut all the shutters and light the lamp before they can see the light. They see God in the shape of a man. We have keener eyes. But the light that we love is the same.'" **

Poor Anna, with her tempestuous outlet of passion. One suffers with her. How little did either she or Jean Christophe suspect of her dual nature. The power it exerted over her seemed almost resistless, yet, -- if they had but realized it, it did not mean love. She was like another woman, a new being, under its hypnotic spell and with it all was not the Anna who would have held Jean Christophe for long. It was the last experience of its kind, from which he was to awaken with a new perspective on life. The enlightenment which was about to come to his soul would have tolerated no subserviency to a power such

as a limited garden. This is almost impossible in the present

of resources and power.

There is the question of the future, light and power.

First, the question, how much power can we have?

Second, what are the things which we can do with it?

Third, what are the things which we can do with it?

Fourth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Fifth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Sixth, what are the things which we can do with it?

With all this, we have the question of the future.

All believe the same thing. Only some believe it more than others.

They are people who have to work all the time and light the

lamp before they can see the light. They see it in the shape of

a man. We have known him. But the light that we have in the

past.

From this, we can see the question of the future.

Second, what are the things which we can do with it?

Third, what are the things which we can do with it?

Fourth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Fifth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Sixth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Seventh, what are the things which we can do with it?

Eighth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Ninth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Tenth, what are the things which we can do with it?

Eleventh, what are the things which we can do with it?

Twelfth, what are the things which we can do with it?

as that.

Rolland explains such an experience by the following lines:
 "He was more the victim of passion than an ordinary man. It is the necessity of the nature of men of genius. Even the most chaste like Beethoven and Burchner, must always be in love; every human capacity is raised to a higher degree in them, and as, in them, every human capacity is seized on by their imagination, their minds are a prey to the continual succession of passions. Most often they are only transitory fires: one destroys another, and all are absorbed by the great blaze of the creative spirit."*

"But Christophe could not understand. He did not believe in the inevitability of passion -- the idiotic cult of the romantics. He believed that a man can and must fight with all the force of his will... His will! Where was it? Not a trace of it was left. He was possessed."**

Then there was Jacqueline with her waywardness. She could not forget herself long enough to make the one whom she loved supremely happy. The fact was, she and Olivier were trying to make Gods of each other, and they were heart broken to learn that love which grows from a single stem withers and decays. They seemed like mere children with a narrow view, disillusioned, yet Jacqueline was forced to live her life, and to learn that true happiness comes only in serving. She regretted bitterly her wrong to Olivier, but it was too late.

The atmosphere of Grazia was beautiful. Even to consider her for a moment one's thoughts feel the influence of the warm

as that.

Believe me, your own experience of the following lines
"We are now the victim of passion like an ordinary man. It is
the weakness of the human mind, not of passion. Even the great
spirits like Shakespeare and Goethe, were always so; every
human capacity is liable to a higher degree in them, and as, in
them, every human capacity is liable to be easily inflamed,
their minds are a prey to the continual suggestion of passion.
What other way can they find? One destroys another,
and all are absorbed by the great force of the creative spirit."
"But Christiana could not understand. He did not believe in
the involuntary of passion -- the blind will of the passions.
He believed that man was not a slave to the force of
his will. He was not a slave to the force of his will.
He was free to choose."

Then there was a long silence. The words
had passed through her mind, and she was now the lover
of the world. The world was, she said, a place where
every body of each other, and they were never broken to learn that
love which comes from a single idea without and needs. They
seemed like some children with a narrow view, Christiana, yet
Christiana was forced to live her life, and to love that time
her heart comes only to service. She repeated bitterly her
words to Oliver, but it was too late.
The atmosphere of Grace was beautiful. Even to consider
her for a moment one's thoughts feel the influence of the world.

Italian skies, the azure blue of the waters, the brilliancy of the sunlight, the serenity of a calm, peaceful, selfless soul. Grazia had been suffering. She wished no more of it, neither did she want to make Christophe unhappy. Devoted to her daughter and son, although the latter was afflicted with a selfish, jealous disposition, she appreciated the sympathetic strength of Jean Christophe and in turn reciprocated with her joyousness and the encouragement she gave him in his work. From this period dated his most poignant and his happiest works. In these latest productions Jean Christophe Krafft was able to realize the union of the most beautiful of the forces of music in his time: "the affectionate and wise thought of Germany with all its shadowy windings, the clear passionate melody of Italy, and the quick mind of France, rich in subtle, rhythms and variegated harmonies."

The sweet youthful egotism of Grazia's daughter, Aurora, is charmingly drawn. Jean Christophe feels that she is his own child, and how we wish that she might have been. The manner in which she and George, thoughtless of the comforts of Jean Christophe in his illness, scamper off to their honeymoon is more than characteristic of youth.

All of these characters, and many others, such as Cecile Fleury, Philomela, Mme. Arnaud, are drawn with such conciseness, with such wealth of detail, that they seem like our very friends and acquaintances. I can scarcely believe it is true that Jean Christophe has not himself lived, in Europe, and that there must

be many who have known him personally. Through his troubled youth, his loves, his aspirations, his sufferings and joys, his triumph and acceptance as a musical genius, to his serene peaceful old age, one cannot help but follow him with interest. He is like Romain Rolland an example of absolute sincerity. He is a human being aspiring for the ideal.

Romain Rolland's character pictures of women are especially well drawn. I know of no writer who makes them more alive or more vibrant. He seems to possess that very delicacy and discernment which understands a woman better than she understands herself. Physically she springs into being from the pen of an artist, for Romain Rolland is an artist in more ways than one. One cannot help but appreciate the intimate little touches such as this expressed by Mme. Arnaud: "I ought not to have told you. ... But, you see, I wanted to show you that even in the closest and best marriages, even for women, whom you respect, Christophe, there are times, not only of aberration, as you say, but of real, intolerable suffering, which may drive them to madness and wreck at least one life if not two. You must not be too hard. Men and women make each other suffer terribly even when they love each other dearly."

Criticism

Before progressing further on the subject of Jean Christophe, although it is not easy I feel that I should say something

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is now you have known the personally. Through his travels
your, his lover, his aspirations, his selfless and joy, his
hymns and aspirations as a spiritual teacher, to his second journey
his eye, one cannot help but follow his with admiration. He is
like Jesus Christ an example of absolute spirituality. He is a
man whose teaching for the world.

Jesus Christ's spiritual journey of love and sacrifice
will never. I know of no other who makes these same steps
more evident. He seems to possess that very humanity and dis-
cernment which understands a human better than any other
person. Especially his teaching which leads the way of an
artist. For Jesus Christ is an artist in every way that one
can understand. He is the ultimate in the human world
as this is shown by his words: "I came not to be served but to
serve. For the Son of Man must give his life as a ransom for
many." ... But, the way I stated to you that even in the clearest
and most subtle way, even for words, even for response, Christ's
teaching is clear, not only of perfection, as you say, but of truth,
incomparable perfection, which can bring him to himself and which
is clear as the sun. You must not be too hard. Man and
woman have each other's suffering even when they have each
other's death."

Christians

Before proceeding further to the subject of Jesus Christ,
although it is not easy to feel that I am not any religious
Jesus Christ's Vol. Love and Friendship p. 140

concerning Romain Rolland's critical attitude. We all realize that he stands for what he considers to be the truth, and that he says what others scarcely dare to think. Personally I do not feel qualified to judge in many cases whether his criticism is in accordance with my beliefs or not. I have learned much in preparing for this paper, but the field upon which Rolland touches is too broad a one to be grasped in a few months. It may be criticism which helps to promote growth, but this seems rather cutting.

"He stayed for a moment or two before the genius, part sublime, part silly, of Maeterlinck: from that there issued a polite mysticism, monotonous, numbing like some vague sorrow." *

"But what was most alarming was to see honest men and real artists, men who rightly enjoyed a high place in French literature, struggling in such a traffic, for which they were not at all suited." **

"Very few of the novelists reached him or emerged from the ocean of mediocre writers: a few books of Barres and Anatole France." ***
In the following paragraph he speaks of the French:

"When a Frenchman has ideas he tries to impose them upon others. He tries to do the same thing when he has none. And when he sees that he cannot do it he loses interest in politics and other people, and he loses interest in action. That was the chief reason why that particular group took so little interest in politics, save to moan and groan. Each of them was shut up in his faith, or want of faith." ****

"When Hugo brought thunder onto the stage, at once (as one of
* Jean Christophe Vol. Market Place p. 68
** " " " " " 66
*** " " " " " 68
**** " " " " " 357

his disciples said) he muted it so as not to frighten even a child. (The disciple fancied he was paying him a compliment.) It was never possible to feel any of the forces of nature in their art. They made everything polite." *

"They had a morbid horror of anything that had been said. The best of them were paralyzed by it all. They seemed always to be keeping a fearful guard on themselves." ** Rolland makes many critical allusions to music and to musicians in remarks such as the following:

"There are some musicians -- especially in Germany -- who spend their time in piecing together other people's music. The musicians of France were always looking out at every bar to see that they had not included in their catalogues melodies that had already been used by others, and erasing, changing the shape of the note until it was like no known note, and even ceased to be like a note at all." ***

"With hardly an exception, all the great French musicians, like Berlioz and Saint Saens -- to mention only the most recent -- have been hopelessly muddled, self-destructive and forsworn, for want of energy, want of faith, and above all, for want of an inward guide." ****

"French music was breathless, bloodless, will-less. It was like a woman languishing for her lover. But like a Byzantine Empress slender and feeble in body, laden with precious stones, it was surrounded with enuchs: snobs, esthetes, and critics.

*Jean Christophe	Vol.	Market Place	p.	77
**	"	"	"	52
***	"	"	"	53
****	"	"	"	55

The nation was not musical; and the craze, so much talked of during the last twenty years, for Wagner, Beethoven, Bach, or Debussy, never reached farther than a certain class. The enormous increase in the number of concerts, the flowing tide of music at all costs, found no real response in the development of public taste. It was just a fashionable craze confined to the few, and leading them astray. There was only a handful of people who really loved music, and these were not the people who were most occupied with it, composers, and critics. There are so few musicians in France who really love music!"*

"But what most disgusted him with these vulgarians of music was their formalism. They never seemed to consider anything but form. Feeling, character, life -- never a word of these!"**

The field touched upon by Rolland is so broad and the subjects which he criticizes cover such a wide range that it necessitates an unusual scholar to appreciate the full significance of his remarks and to decide just what one wishes to accept or believe.

Many of the critical allusions are expressed through the mouth of the characters so that it is difficult to draw the line between their conceptions and the veritable ideas of the author. As I read the thought so often comes to me, "How does he dare make such a statement? Upon what does he base his belief? Do some of the things he says really express love?"

This enormous work of Jean Christophe which has required several years for its accomplishment is reputed by some to give

* Jean Christophe Vol. Market Place p. 62
 ** " " " " " 63

too much importance to one incident, that is, to allow it to occupy too much space and time, while another part is cut somewhat abnormally short. As for instance, where the long episode concerning Antoinette breaks in upon the uniformity of the story as a whole. I can see where this criticism is justified, and yet, in undertaking a work of such proportions, some incidents must inevitable stand out in an author's mind more than others. In our lives sometimes what afterwards appears to be an insignificant occurrence, at the moment of its obsession of our thought assumes gigantic proportions and may for the time temporarily require much thought, discussion, and attention. How can an author describe the every day life of a human being and not reveal at least some inconsistent attention to a particular event. That is human life.

Romain Rolland is reputed to be somewhat pantheistic. I have noticed in my reading, several references which may be tinged with a pantheistic flavor. The following paragraph is typical of his attitude:

"The smallest among you bears the infinite in his soul. The infinite is in every man who is simple enough to be a man, in the lover, in the friend, in the woman who pays with her pangs for the radiant glory of the day of childbirth, in every man and woman who lives in obscure self-sacrifice which will never be known to another soul: it is the very river of life, flowing from one to another, and back again and round."*

The thought brought out in the letter from M. Maeterlinck and in that of M. Maurois had also occurred to me. Why has Romain Rolland touched his truths in so many words? Could he not have presented the same ethical ideas to the world if he had spared Jean Christophe about five volumes of his experiences? In an interview with Mr. Lucien Price, friend of Romain Rolland mentioned by him in his letter, I confronted him with this question. He replied that Romain Rolland was primarily an artist and he was giving a picture of good. As evil is a part of good he felt it his duty to picture it all minutely as it occurred in the life of an individual such as Jean Christophe. Although this is not my perception of good, I must admit that Romain Rolland has fulfilled his mission, and from an artistic point of view it cannot be surpassed. Romain Rolland does not wish to create beauty alone, but to present a moral, and to be a witness of a faith. He believes that all injustice is his enemy and his country is wherever liberty is violated.

Style and Atmosphere

The style of writing employed by Romain Rolland can scarcely be called consistently, polished or refined. He allows himself to drop at times to a common phraseology, by many French people considered ordinary and vulgar. Again he reaches the heights with a finesse and a delicacy of the true artist, bringing out fine shades of thought and feeling, producing pictures which are

wonderfully drawn, accurate, and finished. He has a majestic touch, almost sublime.

He suits his words to his desired environment. There is a spontaneous style which springs unconsciously from the very depth of feeling of the situation which is being described. I can express what I mean by no better way than to quote the following paragraph from Jean Christophe.

"'The writers of today,' says Christophe to his friend Olivier, in one of their discussions, 'waste their energy in describing human rareties -- or cases that are common enough in the abnormal groups of men and women living on the fringe of the great society of active, healthy beings. Since they themselves have shut themselves off from life, leave them and go where there are men. Show the life of every day to the men and women of everyday: that life is deeper and more vast than the sea..... Write the simple life of one of these simple men, write the peaceful epic of the days and nights following, following one like another, and yet all different, all sons of the same mother, from the dawning of the first day in the life of the world. Write it simple, as simple as its own unfolding. Waste no thought upon the word, and the letter, and the subtle vain researches in which the force of the artists of today is turned to naught. You are addressing all men: use the language of all men. There are no words noble or vulgar; there is no style chaste or impure; there are only words and styles which say or do not say exactly what they have to say. Be sound and

thorough in all you do: think just what you think, and feel just what you feel. Let the rhythm of your heart prevail in your writings. The style is the soul.'" This is Romain Rolland's literary creed, and out of it has come Jean Christophe. Rolland wishes to paint life as it is. He wishes to be understood by all, not merely by the refined few. He is perfectly natural, expressing truth and sincerity in a language which could be recognized by even children. He writes, not for the propose of using words, but because he has something definite to say and a moral lesson to develop.

"Mon état d'esprit," said Romain Rolland in a private letter, "est toujours d'un musicien et non d'un peintre... Je conçois d'abord comme une nébuleuse l'impression musicale de l'ensemble de l'oeuvre, puis les motifs principaux et surtout les rythmes, non pas tant de la phrase isolée que de la suite des volumes dans l'ensemble, des chapitres dans le volume et des alinéas dans le chapitre. Je me rends compte que c'est là une loi instructive. Elle commande tout ce que j'écris.

"Tout est musique pour un coeur de musicien. Tout vibre et se meut et s'agite et palpète, les jours d'été ensoleillés, les nuits où le vent siffle, la lumière qui coule, le scintillement des astres, les orages, les bruits familiers du foyer, de la porte qui grince, du sang qui gonfle les artères dans le silence de la nuit. Tout ce qui est, est musique. Il ne s'agit que de l'entendre." *

For this reason has the author chosen his hero to be a musician.

* Seippel, pp. 83,84

I cannot say enough pertaining to the beautiful pictures drawn by Romain Rolland and in appreciation of his atmosphere. In the first place he has compared the life of Jean Christophe to a river. He loved the Rhine, and it seemed to him to be alive, almost human, with a soul which was conscious of what was taking place on its borders. He used to chatter and relate his childhood griefs to the caressing murmur of this sympathetic friend. Such passages as these refer to the Rhine to which Jean Christophe rushes in his sorrow. "Then he felt that he was a prisoner, like a poor bird in a cage, a prisoner forever, with nothing to do but to break his head and hurt himself. He wept, wept, and he rubbed his eyes with his dirty little hands, so that in a moment he was filthy.... Below the Rhine flowed, washing the walls of the house. In the staircase window it was like being suspended over the river in a moving sky. Jean Christophe never limped down the stairs without taking a long look at it, but he had never yet seen it as it was today. The river was like a living thing to the child -- a creature inexplicable, but how much more powerful than all the creatures that he knew! Jean Christophe leaned forward to see it better; he pressed his mouth and flattened his nose against the pane. Where was it going? What did it want? It looked free, and sure of its road... Nothing could stop it. At all hours of the day or night, rain or sun, whether there were joy or sorrow in the

house, it went on going by, and it was as though nothing matters to it, as though it never knew sorrow, and rejoiced in its strength. What joy to be like it,, to run through the fields, and by willow branches, and over little shining pebbles and crisping sand, and to care for nothing, to be cramped by nothing, to be free!

"The boy looked and listened greedily; it was as though he were borne along by the river, moving by with it... When he closed his eyes he saw color -- blue, green, yellow, red, and great chasing shadows and sunbeams.....

"The great mass of the river goes by smoothly, like a single thought; there are no waves, almost no ripples -- smooth, oily patches. Jean Christophe does not see it; he has closed his eyes to hear it better. Over the turmoil of its depths rush waters, in swift rhythm, eagerly, ardently -- and from the thymn ascends music, like a vine clinging to a trellis -- arpeggios from silver keys, sorrowful violins, velvety and smooth-sounding flutes... The country has disappeared . There floats only strange, soft, and twilight atmosphere. Jean Christophe's heart flutters with emotion..... The music hovers; lovely dance rhythms swing out madly; all the world is rocked in their triumphant whirligig... The soul, set free, cleaves space, like swallows' flight, like swallows drunk with the air, skimming across the sky with shrill cries... Joy! Joy! There is nothing, nothing! Oh, infinite happiness!" *

The revelation of Jean Christophe's thoughts, ~~where~~ as a little boy he first begins to play the piano is captivating. Each day

that I read it I derive more pleasure from it than the time before.

"His heart beats as he lays his finger on the key; sometimes he lifts his finger after he has the key half pressed down, and lays it on another. Suddenly, a sound issues from it; there are deep sounds and high sounds, some tinkling, some roaring. The child listens to them one by one as they die away and finally cease to be; they hover in the air like bells heard far off, coming near in the mind, and then going away again; then voices, different, joining in and droning like flying insects; they seem to call to you, to draw you away farther -- farther and farther into the mysterious regions, where they dive down and are lost... They are gone! No, still they murmur... A little beating of wings... How strange it all is! They are like spirits. How is it that they are so obedient? How is it that they are held captive in this old box? But best of all is when you lay your two fingers on two keys at once. Then you never know exactly what will happen. Sometimes the two spirits are hostile; they are angry with each other, and fight; and hate each other, and buzz testily. Jean Christophe adores that; it is as though they were monsters chained up, biting at their fetters, beating against the bars of their prison; they are like to break them, and burst out like the monsters in the fairy books -- the genii imprisoned in the Arab bottles under the seal of Solomon. Others flatter you; they try to cajole you, but you feel that they only want to bite, that they are hot and fevered. Jean Christophe

does not know what they want, but they lure him and disturb him; they make him almost blush. And sometimes there are notes that love each other; sounds embrace, as people do with their arms when they kiss; they are gracious and sweet. These are the good spirits; their faces are smiling, and there are no lines in them; they love little Jean Christophe, and little Jean Christophe loves them. Tears come to his eyes as he hears them, and he is never weary of calling them up. They are his friends, his dear, tender friends..^{18*}

I feel that I am actually a child again as I follow the impressions of little Jean Christophe on a day as here described. Romain Rolland certainly understands the psychology of childhood.

"When it ~~was~~ very hot, old Drafft used to sit under a tree, and was not long in dozing off. Then Jean Christophe used to sit near him on a heap of loose stones or a milestone, or some high seat, uncomfortable and peculiar; and he used to wag his little legs, and hum to himself, and dream. Or sometimes he used to lie on his back and watch the clouds go by; they looked like oxen, and giants, and bats, and old ladies, and immense landscapes. He used to talk to them in a low voice, or be absorbed in a little cloud which a great one was on the point of devouring. He was afraid of those which were very black, almost blue, and of those which went very fast. It seemed to him that they played an enormous part in life, and he was surprised that neither his grandfather nor his mother paid any attention to them. They were terrible beings if they wished to do harm. Fortunately, they

used to go by, kindly enough, a little grotesque, and they did not stop. The boy used in the end to turn giddy with watching them too long, and he used to fidget with his legs and arms, as though he were on the point of falling from the sky."*

The impression of fear is wonderfully drawn as in the quotation below. "In the evening it was terrible to him to see the approach of the hour of sleep. He vowed that he would not give way to it to watch the whole night through, fearing his nightmares. But in the end weariness always overcame him, and it was always when he was least on his guard that the monsters returned."

"Fearful night! So sweet to most children, so terrible to some.... He was afraid to sleep. He was afraid of sleeping. Waking or sleeping, he was surrounded by monstrous shapes, the phantoms of his own brain, the larvae floating in the half-day, and twilight of childhood, as in the dark chiaroscuro of sickness. But these fancied terrors were soon to be blotted out in the great Fear -- that which is in the hearts of all men; that Fear which Wisdom does in vain preen itself in forgetting or denying -- Death." **

We gain a keen impression of the Paris which was first disclosed to Jean Christophe in the following:

"He went down into the street. The October mist was thick and keenly cold: it had that stale Parisian smell, in which are mingled the exhalations of the factories of the outskirts and the heavy breath of the town. He could not see ten yards in front of him. The light of the gas-jets flickered like a candle on the point of going out. In the semi-darkness there were crowds of

* Jean Christophe Vol. Dawn p. 21
 ** " " " " p. 51-52

used as a by, kindly woman, a little creature, and they did not
stop. The boy used to the end to turn right with watching down the
long, and he had to think when his legs and arms, as though he
were on the point of falling from the sky."

The impression of fear is wonderfully drawn as in the quotation
before. "In the evening it was terrible to him to see the approach
of the hour of sleep. He vowed that he would not give in to it
to watch the white night through, feeling his shiverings. But in
the end weakness always overcame him, and it was always when he
was least on his guard that the nightmare returned."

"Terrible night! To meet to meet children, so terrible to
them... He was afraid to sleep. He was afraid of sleeping.
Waking up sleeping, he was surrounded by countless shapes, the
phantoms of his own brain, the larvae floating in the half-day, and
twilight of childhood, as in the dark consciousness of sickness. But
these fancied horrors were soon to be blotted out in the great
fear -- that which is in the hearts of all men; that fear which the
darkness in their minds itself is suggestive or design -- death."

He gave a very interesting account of the facts which were first dis-
closed to him in connection with the following:
"He went down into the street. The October night was calm
and heavily cold. It was that still, terrible night, in which the
windless the emanations of the factories of the city and the
heavy streets of the town. He could not see ten yards in front
of him. The light of the gas-lamps flickered like a candle on the
point of going out. In the semi-darkness there were noises of

people moving in all directions. Carriages were moved in front of each other, collided, obstructed the road, stemming the flood of people like a dam. The oaths of the drivers, the horns and bells of the trams, made a deafening noise. The roar, the clamor, the smell of it all struck fearfully on the mind and heart of Christophe.***

"It all seemed to him to be bathed in a perpetual twilight. It was a dull gray ground on which were drawn lines, shading off and blurring into each other, sometimes starting from the mist, and then sinking back into it again. Among all these lines there were stiff, crabbed, and cramped designs, as though they were drawn with a set-square - - patterns with sharp corners, like the elbow of a skinny woman. There were patterns in curves floating and curling like the smoke of a cigar. But they were all enveloped in the gray light. Did the sun never shine in France? Christophe had only had rain and fog since his arrival, and was inclined to believe so; but it is the artist's business to create sunshine when the sun fails. These men lit up their little lanterns, it is true; but they were like the glowworm's lamp, giving no warmth and very little light. The titles of their works were changed: they dealt with Spring, the South, Love, the Joy of Living, Country Walks; but the music never changed: it was uniformly soft, pale, enervated, anemic, wasting away. It was then the mode in France, among the fastidious, to whisper in music, And they were quite right: for as soon as they tried to talk aloud they shouted: there was no mean. There was no alternative but distinguished somnolence and melodramatic declamation." **

"French music was like one of those little strawberry plants, hidden in the grass, the scent of which sweetens all the air of the woods. At first Christophe had passed it by without seeing it, for in his own country he had been used to whole thickets of music, much fuller and bearing more brilliant fruits. But now the delicate perfume made him turn: with Olivier's help among the stones and brambles and dead leaves which usurped the name of music, he discovered the subtle and ingenuous art of a handful of musicians. Amid the marshy fields and the factory chimneys of democracy, in the heart of the Plaine-Saint-Denis, in a little magic wood fauns were dancing blithely. Christophe was amazed to hear the ironic and serene notes of their flutes which were like nothing he had ever heard....." *

"Beneath the careless grace and the seeming dilettantism of their little piano pieces, and songs, the French chamber-music, which German art never deigned to notice, while Christophe himself had hitherto failed to see the poetic accomplishment of it all, he now began to see the fever of renovation, and the uneasiness, -- unknown on the other side of the Rhine, -- with which French musicians were seeking in the untilled fields of their art the germs from which the future might grow." **

Who, in reading a sentence such as this, can fail to be stirred by its depth of sentiment?

"He did not know that a great soul is never alone, that, however Fortune may cheat him of friendship, in the end a great soul

creates friends by the radiance of the love with which it is filled, and that even in that hour, when he thought himself for ever isolated, he was more rich in love than the happiest men and women in the world." *

"It is a state familiar to lovers of music, especially when they are young and do most wholly surrender; the essence of music is so completely love, that the full savor of it is not won unless it be enjoyed through another, and so it is that, at a concert, we instinctively seek among the throng for friendly eyes, for a friend with whom to share a joy too great for ourselves alone." **

At the close of the story Jean Christophe's entire life is again compared to the Rhine. The symbolism is touchingly brought out in the closing words of the book: "And Christophe, making a supreme effort to raise his head -- (God! How beautiful it was!) -- saw the river overflowing its banks, covering the fields, moving on, august, slow, almost still. And, like a flash of steel, on the edge of the horizon there seemed to be speeding towards him a line of silver streams, quivering in the sunlight. The roar of the ocean.... And his heart sank, and he asked:

'Is it He?'

And the answer came:

"'The gates are opened... That is the chord I was seeking! ... But it is not the end! There are new spaces!... -- We will go on, to-morrow.' "

"O joy, the joy of seeing self vanish into the sovereign peace of God, whom all his life he had so striven to serve!..." ***

*	Jean Christophe	Vol.	Market Place	p. 147
**	"	"	"	" 165
***	"	"	New Dawn	" 503

Colas Breugnon

Romain Rolland begins his explanation of Colas Breugnon by saying, "This book is a reaction from the constraint of Jean Christophe which, like an outgrown cuirass, fitted well enough at first, but has become too tight for me. I felt an absolute need of something gay, in the true Gallic spirit -- even perhaps verging on impropriety." *

He goes on to say that in returning to his native place for the first time since his youth, the renewed contact with the soil of Burgundy awoke within him a lighter, freer, more joyous, and more frivolous mood. He felt that all the Colas Breugnons under his skin were aroused, and that he had to speak for them. Rolland adds that the society of his Colas Breugnons will not amuse his readers as much as it has the author. The book is frank and straightforward with no idea of transforming the world either politically or metaphysically. He is just relating the story of a true Frenchman who laughs because he is well and hearty and life is sweet to him.

At first upon reading Colas Breugnon, I was annoyed, almost disgusted at the coarse spirit of levity which prevailed. It seemed like such an anticlimax to the more noble sentiments and metaphysical truths contained in Jean Christophe. Yet,

* Colas Breugnon, Preface, p.1

Trans. by K. Miller
Henry Holt and Co.,
N.Y. 1919.

before I had completed many pages I had quite forgotten the whats and wherefores of life and I was ready to banter with Colas who married his scolding wife because he was tired of it all and because he wanted to get rid of her. He calls himself, "Johnny the fool who kept out of the rain when he jumped in the pool." * Some way I feel that I understand this dear affectionate man as he crawls up stairs to his attic to write in his diary of some cherished experience; and then again when he rambles to the village to perform his day's work, stops and chats with his "buddies" on each and every street corner until his dinner is a long forgotten omission.

Colas is most materially minded, and yet, withal, we love him. Especially in the chapter on Belette did I take an unusual interest. Here he realizes that his first love, Belette, was the real article -- his fate. And he thinks that because he has missed his destiny his whole life is incomplete.

He breaks out humorously with such a remark as "They say we are made in the likeness of God, but I hope not, for his sake. (Belette at least never stopped laughing at my queer looks, and I did my best to get even with her.)" **

After the delightful day which Colas had spent with Belette during which time they had gurgled over reminiscences of the past, he regretfully leaves her, philosophizing heroically -- things must be for the best as they are.

He says, "You see, Belette, that kind of happiness was not for us; so now, there is no use in self reproaches, or regrets

* ibid p.7

** ibid p109

either. It would have been all the same by this time, whatever we had done; we are at the end of our string now, you know, and love or no love, it is all past like a tale that is told." * He then kissed her and left her -- his poetic old soul still seeing beauty, happiness, and comfort. He returned a whole day late to his garret, there to put the experience down on paper. He closes with:

"That which breaks the heart to bear

Is sometimes sweet to tell and hear." **

The chapter just touches one's heart with its straightforward simplicity. Its pathos is experienced and felt by hundreds of us in the world today, yet possibly it is borne with less courage and philosophy. Grief is softened by age and made richer by life itself. Somehow the most beautiful thought this story brings to me is the contemplation that it is so worth while to love and to find one who loves in return, even though we may have nothing more than the realization that this complement of ourselves exists and is in the world. Colas felt this, and for this much alone he was happy.

Toward the end of Colas' life, when he is surrounded by his children on Christmas day, a quarrel over petty differences of belief arises. Here the beautiful, broad ideas of Rolland can stay concealed no longer. He speaks through the understanding heart of Colas: ("Now my children, said I, you need the same kind of treatment. Why do you grunt and turn your backs on each other? Each of you may think himself of finer clay than his

* *ibid.* p. 130

** " p. 135

either. It would have been all the same to him, when
 ever he had done; we are at the end of our string now, you know,
 and love or no love, it is all past like a tale told.
 He then kissed her and left her -- his cousin did not still see
 his beauty, his goodness, and comfort. He returned a whole day later
 to his father, there to put the experience "on his paper." He
 closed with:

"That which makes the heart so hard

Is sometimes sweet as fall and heart," he

The chapter just closes the heart with its attraction-
 ward sympathy. The chapter is concluded and left in suspense
 of us in the world today, yet possibly it is more than
 courage and challenge. Let it be read by age and state right
 by the heart. Because the most beautiful chapter this story
 holds to us is the conclusion and it is so worth while to
 love and to find out who loved to return, even though we may have
 nothing more than the realization that this conclusion of our
 lives exists and is in the world. John tells this, and for this
 even when he was happy.

Toward the end of John's life, when he is surrounded by his
 children on Christmas day, a quiet over story difference of
 belief arises. With the beautiful, when John of Ireland was
 they concluded no more. He speaks through the understanding heart
 of John: "Now my children, said I, you need the same
 kind of treatment. Why do you grant and turn your backs on each
 other? Each of you may think himself of them, after this

brothers, but the truth is you are all Breugnons, chips of the old block, thoroughbred Breugnons. You all have big crooked noses and wide mouths like mine -- funnels; your eyes look out fiercely from under bushy eyebrows, but there is a twinkle in them all the same..... What if you don't think alike on some questions? That is rather an advantage than otherwise, for you cannot all plough the same field; on the contrary, the more fields and opinions there are in the family, the greater strength and happiness. Reach out then into the world as far as you possibly can, and increase your portion of land and thought. Each for himself and all for each, and may the long Breugnon nose point the way to future glory of the family. Come boys, shake hands and be friends! For a moment they still looked sulkily at each other, but I could see the clouds parting, and all at once Michael flung his arms around John Francis with a loud laugh, 'Embrace me. Big Brother-nose!' cried he, and the others followed his example.") * And so peace is restored.

I do not approve of many of the little philosophies of Breugnon, yet,-- I love him through everything, and my heart feels lighter, freer, and more appreciative of a true son of Burgundian soil.

*ibid, p.295

...but, that the truth is you are all Brethren, who at the
old time, those who were Brethren. You all have the same
names and this makes life more -- human. You are all
Brethren. You are all Brethren, but there is a difference in
that all the rest..... That is the difference of the
Brethren. That is the difference in Brethren. That is
the difference in Brethren. That is the difference in Brethren.
and sometimes there are in the family, the greater strength and
weakness. But you know that the world is for us and possibly
you, and perhaps your nation at last and thought. But for his-
tory and all the world, and the last Brethren were with the
way to future glory of the family. Good boys, these hands and
be Brethren! For a secret that will last forever at each other,
but I could not the whole world, and all at once Brethren. But
the same ground that Brethren with a last laugh, Brethren as the
Brethren-ness! cried he, and the others followed his example. "A
And no peace is reached.

I do not approve of any of the little philosophies of Brethren-
ness, but, -- I love the Brethren, and I love the
Brethren, Brethren, and some representative of a few of Brethren
all.

The International Idealism of Romain Rolland

Au-dessus de la Mêlée

The article Au-dessus de la Mêlée was written by Romain Rolland in 1914, just as the World War was sweeping over Europe. This essay as referred to by Rolland in his letter (page 15 of this thesis) is published in this country in book form together with various articles entitled as follows: An Open letter to Gerhart Hauptmann; Pro Aris; The Lesser of two Evils; Pangermanism, Panslavism; Inter Arma Caritas; The Idols; For Europe, Manifesto of the Writers and Thinkers of Catalonia; For Europe, An Appeal from Holland to the Intellectuals of all Nations; Letter to Svenska Dagbladet of Stockholm; War Literature; The Murder of the Elite; Jures.

It is the article, Au-dessus de la Mêlée, which has been the object of the most violent criticism during the World War, and it is to the ideas expressed in this essay that many of the intellectuals, students, and writers have been opposed. I can easily understand why, coming at the time it did, that people should misinterpret as well as criticize the stand taken by Romain Rolland. One needs to be educated to grasp larger ideas, and it often necessitates time. Romain Rolland says in the preface, "The brightest geniuses of the earth, like Walt Whitman and Tolstoi, chant universal brotherhood in joy and suffering, or like our Latin spirits, pierce with

Au-dessus de la Mêlée, 48 edit.
Paris, Ollendorff, 1915

Above the Battle
Trans. by C.K. Ogden
Chicago, The Open Court
Pub. Co., 1916

criticism the prejudices of hatred and ignorance which separate individuals and peoples.

"Like all the men of my time, I have been brought up on these thoughts; I have tried in my turn to share the bread of life with my younger and less fortunate brothers. When the war came I did not think it my duty to deny these thoughts because the hour had come to put them to the test..... I place before the world the texts they have slandered. I shall not defend them. Let them defend themselves." *

Rolland asks the religious and secular leaders, the churches, the great thinkers, the leaders of Socialism, the moral guides of the young men fighting in the war, what ideals they have held up to those youths so eager to sacrifice themselves; and answers his own question -- a mutual slaughter, a European War. With his accustomed forcefulness, he asks, "Could you not have learned if not to love one another, at least to tolerate the great virtues and the great vices of each other? Was it not your duty to attempt -- you have never attempted it in sincerity -- to settle amicably the questions which divided you.....?" **

In the two citations quoted above, Rolland brings us face to face with the biggest problem that has ever held, at any one time, the attention of all the nations of the globe -- World Peace. In 1914, Rolland's words must have sounded much more radical than they do today. Some one has said that during the time of Aristotle, over five thousand years ago, the subject of world peace was discussed as it has been following each great war down through the

* Pref., Above the Battle, p. 16
 ** ibid p. 41

criticism the principles of justice and freedom which separate
individuals and peoples.
"Like all the rest of my time, I have been brought up as a man
of letters; I have tried in my time to serve the ideal of life with
my pen and have found it a very hard task. When the war came I did
not think it my duty to drop these literary labors; the war had
come to put an end to the world. . . . I have before me the world the
day they have returned. I shall not return then. Let them defend
themselves."

Rolland asks the questions and seeks the answers, the answers
the great thinkers, the leaders of civilization, the great leaders of
the young who fighting in the war, what ideals they have held up
to those who are to enter the world of peace; and answers his
own question -- a natural question, a European War. With his ac-
knowledged forgetfulness, he says, "Could you not have learned it not
to have one another, at least to tolerate the great virtues and
the great vices of each other? Was it not your duty to attempt
-- you have never attempted it in sincerity -- to settle amicably
the questions which divided you. . . .?"

In the two citations quoted above, Rolland makes us face
us then with the highest problem that has ever held, at any one
time, the attention of all the nations of the globe -- World Peace.
In 1914, Rolland's words must have sounded most sorely radical then.
They do today. Does one not feel that during the time of violence,
over five thousand years ago, the subject of world peace was dis-
cussed as it has been following each great war down through the

the ages since, and yet we are no better off today, I admit that the World War was the worst one ever waged between nations. Nevertheless, since the war we cannot fail to recognize that considerable progress has been made. This statement is substantiated by the fact that never before have nations felt it a duty to devote the thought, the money, the earnest consideration, upon the subject of universal peace that they are doing at the present time.

I have read with much eagerness the books referred to in M. Rolland's letter,* and the more I read the more I realize what a stupendous task I have undertaken in attempting to write a thesis on the "Reaction Against Naturalism as Represented by Romain Rolland." Since choosing my subject I have talked with different people, among them thinkers and writers, and I find some criticize his attitude severely. It has been my desire to find the reason for this censure. I cannot say that I have been wholly successful, but I do know that I have tried to keep an impartial attitude throughout.

The chapter we are now considering seems to me like the pivot around which much of the criticism revolves, therefore I am particularly desirous to keep an even balance while commenting upon it.

Probably no two people approach any given theory from exactly the same viewpoint. Preconceived ideas enter more or less -- generally more -- into one's decision as to the real merit of the subject under consideration.

I am studying Romain Rolland's works from the viewpoint of one who believes in world peace; and moreover, judging from the

the same time, and yet we are no better off today. I admit that the World War was the worst ever waged between nations. Nevertheless, since the war we cannot fail to recognize the considerable progress that has been made. This statement is substantiated by the fact that never before have nations felt it a duty to devote the thought, the money, the earnest consideration, upon the subject of universal peace. That they are doing at the present time.

I have read with much enjoyment the book referred to in H. Williams' letter, and the more I read the more I realize that a thoughtful task I have undertaken in attempting to write a thesis on the "Reaction Against Nationalism as Represented by Herman Williams". Since choosing my subject I have talked with different people,

known them calmly and warmly, and I find some of them are still true to their cause. It has been my desire to find the reason for this. I cannot say that I have been wholly successful, but I do feel that I have tried to keep an impartial attitude throughout.

The chapter on the new constitutional movement is so like the other material which much of the criticism received, therefore I am particularly anxious to keep an even balance with something upon it.

Probably no two people represent any given theory from as early the same viewpoint. Therefore I have tried to keep as far as possible from any one's decision as to the merit of the subject under consideration.

I am studying Herman Williams' work from the viewpoint of one who believes in world peace; and, however, judging from the

-- I admit, slow, but nevertheless sure -- developement of the human race through the ages, I believe obtainable. As one studying any subject, finds his advancement more rapid with the accumulation of knowledge; so, I reason, must the world as a whole progress more rapidly through the accumulation of lessons learned by past experiences. On this theory, at least in part, I base my hope of world peace in the not-too-far-distant future.

When M. Rolland, with his clarion tone struck the note of universal peace, the world was not ready to listen. When Galileo, convinced of a profound truth, published his dialogue expounding the Copernicum system, he was sentenced to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and later, banished. Why? The world had not awakened sufficiently to understand the truth he offered. It is always the pioneer who has to take the brunt of life's journey, but if he has caught a sight of the vision, he cannot be daunted.

The liberation of thought achieved in the past three hundred years is prophetic; the liberation of thought achieved in the past eleven years is gratifying -- more, exhilarating.

Some one has said that the ideal of peace represented by Romain Rolland is not for us. Why not? Must we remain bound to a belief like that? How do we know what is for us? Have we realized, in centuries past, the possibilities that would be for us in the realm of the radio and the airplane? Can we measure the possibilities yet obtainable in the metaphysical world? All of these things have come as a result of growth in thought. Who can determine into what the thoughts of the far seeing men of today

-- I admit, also, but nevertheless true -- development of the
human race through the ages. I believe this is the
studying any subject, finds his advancement goes hand in hand
accumulation of knowledge; as, I reason, that the world as a
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learned by past experiences. On this point, we must in part,
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Inquisition, and later, banished. Why? The world had not a-
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ways the pioneer who has to take the brunt of life's journey,
but it has meant a light of the vision, he cannot be denied.
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years is phenomenal; the liberation of thought achieved in the past
eleven years is gratifying -- some, exclamation.

Some one has said that the ideal of peace represented by
Herman Roland is not for us. Why not? What we remain bound to
a belief like that? How is it that we know that is for us? Have we re-
sisted, in centuries past, the possibilities that would be for
us in the realm of the radio and the airplane? Can we measure the
possibilities yet obtainable in the metaphysical world? All of
these things have come as a result of growth in thought. We can
determine how much the thought of the far seeing men of today

may develop. Our willingness to accept and believe is of first importance.

That Romain Rolland's desire is to help humanity, I cannot doubt. In other chapters I have given quotations from his writings which prove this. I will cite one or two more:

"For years I have been rich in enemies. Let me say this to them: they can hate me, but they will not teach me to hate. I have no concern with them. My business is to say what I believe to be fair and humane. I know that words once uttered make their way of themselves. Hopefully I sow them in the bloody soil. The harvest will come."*

"It would seem, then, that love of our country can flourish only through the hatred of other countries and the massacre of those who sacrifice themselves in a defense of them. There is in this theory a ferocious absurdity, a Neronian dilettantism which repels me to the very depths of my being. No! Love of my country does not demand that I shall hate and slay those noble and faithful souls who also love theirs, but rather that I should honor them and seek to unite with them for our common good..... But is there no better employment for the devotion of one people than the devastation of another?" **

Moreover, crimes have been committed against right, attacks on the liberties of peoples and on the sacred treasures of thought, which must and will be expiated. Europe cannot pass over unheeded the violence done to the noble Belgian people, the devastation of

* Preface, Above the Battle, p. 17
 ** ibid pp. 47,48

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"It would seem, then, that love of our country can flourish only through the hatred of other countries and the massacre of those who sacrifice themselves in a defense of them. There is in this theory a far-reaching expediency, a Republican idealism which recalls me to the very depths of my being. No! Love of my country does not demand that I shall hate and slay those noble and faithful souls who also love their country, but rather that I should honor them and seek to unite with them for our common good..... But in there no better employment for the devotion of one people than the devastation of another?"

Moreover, crimes have been committed against rights, attacks on the liberties of peoples and on the sacred treasures of thought, which must and will be explained. Europe cannot close her unbedded eyes to the violence done to the noble Belgian people, the devastation of

Malines and Louvain, sacked by modern 'lillys..... But in the name of heaven let not these crimes be expiated by similar crimes! Let not the hideous words 'vengeance' and 'retaliation' be heard; for a great nation does not revenge itself, it re-establishes justice. But let those in whose hands lies the execution of justice show themselves worthy of her to the end." *

That Rolland's interest includes all people the above citations prove conclusively. Nevertheless, his writings sometimes express a spirit that is more calculated to antagonize than to convince. In the chapter we are now considering, I find that spirit more apparent than in any other of his writings. I cannot understand his motive, therefore I cannot appreciate it. I have wondered whether it is caused by his very intensity, his earnestness, his desire to awaken the world to see its great need; or whether, perhaps, it is a reaction to the things against which he revolts. Again, I do not feel able to judge. I can only speak of things as they seem to me. There is one thing of which I do feel confident: that God's law is perfect. I think of all mankind as brothers, and I believe in God's great plan we all are needed -- each to fill his own little place. Prejudice fades before a genuine Christ love. I have not attained to it, but I believe in a love that is so unselfish that it wins by its very gentleness. I honestly ask whether the following quotations are calculated to teach or to antagonize?

"The rulers who are the criminal authore of these who dare not accept the responsibility of them. Each one by underhand

...and I believe, added by another witness. But in the case

of reason for not these things be explained by similar crimes?

And not the witness words 'vengeance' and 'retribution' be really

for a great nation does not revenge itself, it re-establishes

justice. But let those in whose hands lies the execution of justice

show themselves worthy of her in the end." *

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relation grows considerably. Nevertheless, his writings sometimes

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whether, perhaps, it is a reaction to our things against which he

reviles. Again, I do not feel able to judge. I can only speak

of things as they seem to me. There is one thing of which I do

feel confident: that God's law is perfect. I think of all men

that we live, and I believe in God's great plan we all are

needed -- each to fill his own little place. Therefore I have

before a justice which I have. I have not retained it, but I

believe in a law that is so wonderful that it wins by its very

simplicity. I hesitate not whether the following quotations are

calculated to cause or to antagonize?

"The reform was not the original author of these who have

not accepted a responsibility of their. Each one by understand

means seeks to lay the blame at the door of his adversary." *

"As for the representatives of the Prince of Peace -- priests, pastors, bishops -- they go into battle in their thousands, to carry out, musket in hand, the Divine command: Thou shalt not kill, and love one another." **

Some may appreciate the use of sarcasm as a weapon -- or even as a means of instruction. I do not. Perhaps it is a general impression that I get from this chapter as a whole that disturbs me more than any particular citations I may quote. However, I must not blame M. Rolland if his method of endeavoring to gain a point is different from what mine would be.

I have heard critics say that Romain Rolland was pro-German . In all that I have read I have sought earnestly to find some statement which might convey that idea to me. I find quite to the contrary. He retains as friends, men who think as he does, regardless of their nationality. How could one consider him in sympathy with Germany's war methods when he writes such words as the following in a letter to Gerhart Hauptmann:

"Whatever pain, then, your Germany may give me, whatever reasons I may have to stigmatize as criminal German policy and the means it employs, I do not attach responsibility for it to the people which is burdened with it and is used as its blind instrument. It is not that I regard, as you do, war as fatality. Fatality is the excuse of souls without a will. War springs from the weakness and stupidity of nations. One cannot feel any resentment against them for it; one can only pity them. I do not reproach you with our miseries; for yours will be no less. If France is ruined, Germany will be ruined too. I did not even raise my voice when I saw your

* **

ibid p. 42 and 46

means seems to lay the blame at the door of his adversary."

"As for the representatives of the Prince of Peace --

orthodox, gentile, bishops -- they go into battle in their
saddles, to carry out, under the name, the living command:

They shall not kill, and love one another."

Some may dispute the use of sword as a weapon -- or

even as a means of instruction. I do not. Perhaps it is a

general impression that I put this whole chapter as a whole that

disturbs me more than any particular objection I may quote.

However, I must not blame M. Bolland if the method of summarizing

is again a point is different from what mine would be.

I have heard critics say that Bolland's chapter was too German.

In all that I have read I have found something to find agree

statement which might convey just idea to me. I find quite to the

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of their nationality. How could we consider his in sympathy

with Germany's war methods when he writes such words as the follow-

ing in a letter to General Haugwitz:

"Whatever else, then, your German, say give me, whatever reason

I may have to apologize to original German policy and to Germany is

always, I do not attach responsibility for it to the people which

is bound not with it and is used as its blind instrument. It is not

that I regard, surely do, war as fatal. Fatality is the expense

of war without a will. War springs from the weakness and stupid-

ity of nations. One cannot kill any resistance against them for the

one can only kill them. I do not reproach you with any mistake;

for yours will be no loss. It means it is ruined. Germany will

be ruined too. I did not even raise my voice when I saw your

armies violating the neutrality of noble Belgium. This flagrant breach of honor, which incurs the contempt of every upright conscience is quite in the political tradition of your Prussian kings; it did not surprise me.

"But when I see the fury with which you are treating that magnanimous nation whose only crime has been to defend its independence and the cause of justice to the last, as you Germans yourself did in 1813.... that is too much! The world is revolted by it. Keep these savages for us Frenchmen, your enemies!. But to wreak them against your victims, against this small, unhappy, innocent Belgian people..... how shameful is this!" *

There are other citations I might give, but I think this is sufficient to prove that Rolland had no alliance -- not even in thought -- with Germany.

Before closing this chapter, I feel impelled to say once again that I believe the time for a World Peace is approaching. It will come in the degree that the mad passions of men are silenced. Kellogg and his family of thirteen nations are proclaiming it. The League of Nations is reaching out its protecting arm and inviting us to come. Court Arbitration is displacing the army and navy. Children are being taught the new meaning of "Loyalty." School books are beginning to teem with economics and industrial achievements instead of the story of strife and bloodshed. In the home, little ones are being taught "love of country" in a newer, sweeter way. The soldier with the rifle will soon be relegated to the ash heap or the bonfire. The child just asking the names of the things in the big world around it will be told of peace, and not of

...violating the sanctity of noble feelings. This fragment
...of paper, which forms the subject of every student's
...is in fact the official recognition of your presence
...it is not necessary to.

"But when I see the fact which you are bringing this
...action which must arise has been to defend the indignity
...of justice to the fact, as you demand your right
...is in fact... that is the whole. The world is revealed by it.
...these things are for us, for the world, for the world, but in view
...your action, your action, against this world, against this
...the people... the world is this."

There are other elements I might give, but I think this is
...to show that the world is not alone -- not even in
...with Germany.

Before closing this chapter, I feel impelled to say once again
...that I believe the time for a world peace is approaching. It will
...in the future that the new generation of men are needed.
...of nations and the spirit of national action are proclaimed. The
...of nations is reaching out its protesting arm and inviting
...to come. Great America is discharging the duty and duty
...the world's people, the new meaning of "loyalty." School
...are beginning to face with confidence and intellectual independence
...of the story of rights and liberties. In the home, little
...are being taught "love of country" in a new, broader way.
...with the world will soon be related to the new
...of the world. The world is not alone in the name of the future
...it will be with the world.

warfare. And right here, with the training of the little child, will the torch be lighted, and the light will grow stronger and brighter until all will proclaim the one glad song, "On earth peace, good will to men."

Declaration of Freedom

In no clearer way has Romain Rolland's declaration of freedom been made to the world than through his book, Clerambault. To me it portrays the life of Rolland himself. He appealed to the minority who apparently deserted him when he needed them most. In this book the spirit of non-resistance is again revealed. Here we find a confession of a free spirit telling of all its mistakes, its sufferings, and its struggles during the World War. His theme is the individual soul of Clerambault which "has been swallowed up and submerged in the soul of the multitude." He believes that "he who makes himself the servant of a blind or blinded nation, -- and most of the states are in that condition at the present day, -- does not truly serve it, but lowers both it and himself."* The world of today is in need of independent minds and firm characters. To proclaim this has been the purpose of M. Rolland in the creation of Clerambault.

The pictures in the book are clear, concise, and beautifully drawn. One feels the very atmosphere of Paris in its varying moods of peace and war. The drowsy, contented, happy attitude of Clerambault basking in the love and pride of his little family is resistless. The contrast, later on in the book when his family fails to understand him, is all the more marked.

When the war broke forth, he sent his son to the trenches, proud to be a participant in the time of his country's need.

* Introduction. Clerambault p. 5

Declaration of Freedom

In no clearer way has Roscoe Holcomb's declaration of freedom been made to the world than through his book, *Declaration of Freedom*. It portrays the life of Holcomb himself. He appealed to the world who eagerly accepted him when he needed them most. In this book the spirit of non-resistance is again revealed. There we find a confession of a free spirit's feeling of all its mistakes, its sufferings, and its struggles during the World War. His theme is the individual soul of Christianity which "has been swallowed up and submerged in the soul of the multitude." He believes that "he who makes himself the servant of a blind or blinded nation -- and most of the nations are in that condition at the present day -- does not truly serve it, but lowers both it and himself." The world of today is in need of independent minds and free consciences. To accomplish this has been the purpose of W. Holcomb in the creation of *Declaration of Freedom*.

The pictures in the book are clear, concise, and beautifully drawn. One feels the very atmosphere of Paris in its varying moods of peace and war. The story, consistent, happy ending of Christianity leading to the love and unity of his little family is realistic. The contrast, later on in the book when his family fails to understand him, is all the more marked.

When the war broke forth, he sent his son to the trenches, proud to be a participant in the time of his country's need.

* Introduction. *Declaration of Freedom* p. 2

Later, when the boy had been killed, it gradually dawned upon him that he had done wrong in allowing his son to go to war -- had done wrong, not only as a father, but as a member of society and as a citizen of his country. The French, as a nation, had sent their boys, the flower of the land, to death. Young men of other countries, equally assured of their stand, equally proud and exultant in remaining loyal to their own fatherland, were being mowed down in the same manner. Where was the justice of it all? Who was to blame for it all? Why they, the citizens, the fathers, the leaders of the government, the churches, the intellectuals, on all sides. They should take their stand and refuse to send their youths to be massacred.

"In order to crush the world and regenerate it, the Superman and Christ were mobilised." *

Such were the reasonings of Clerambault, and, of course, these in part, at least, are the reasonings of Rolland.

"Advanced ideas are nature's weights, intended to counter-balance the heavy stubborn past; without them the boat will upset. The welcome they will receive is a side issue. Their advocates can expect to be stoned, but whoever has these things in his mind and does not speak them, is a dishonored man. He is like a soldier in battle, to whom a dangerous message is entrusted; is he free to shirk it?" ** In this manner Clerambault reasons, and finally becomes convinced that he must publish his views. He has the truth; he must make it known. This is the reason, too, that Rolland does not remain silent even though he is maligned and mentally ostracised by his own people.

The articles which Clerambault published are sharp and cutting.

They allow of no half way position. They carry with them a spirit of harshness, a desire to drive the truth home at any cost; and although they may convey some truth, it is of such a caliber that no mortal could grasp it in a day's time. Clerambault, like Rolland, believes that he should be the agitator of these modern thoughts. The majority of people feel as Rosine, daughter of Clerambault does when she says,

" ' Yes, Papa,' She put her arms around his neck. 'but we don't have to write everything that we think.' " *

To Daniel's protest that there is only one way of loving -- to obey, Clerambault replies,

" ' The ancient symbol, Love with bandaged eyes; I only want to open them.' "

Daniel answered, " ' The conflict between men is the law of nature. Kill or be killed. So be it.' "

Clerambault asks, " ' And can it never be changed?'

'No, never,' said Daniel, in a tone of sad obstinacy, 'it is the law.' " **

It is to stubborn, blind belief such as this, founded on tradition, conventions, Naturalistic, if you wish, that Clerambault desires to address his ideas. Love, with bandaged eyes which he wants to open. He speaks as follows:

"True! What are you free from, and which of you is free in your countries today? Are you free to act? No, since the State disposes of your life, so that you must either assassinate others or be yourselves assassinated. Are you free to speak or to write? No, for they imprison you if you dare to speak your mind. Can you ever think for yourselves? Not unless it is sub rosa -- and the

bottom of a cellar is none too secure."

Of course, at such a time when nations are doing the very best they know how, as nations; that is, to defend their homes, to sustain defenseless little Belgium, to re-awaken justice, they cannot understand why they should be criticized in such a manner. And can we wonder at it?

Clerambault was ridiculed, harshly denounced, called a pacifist, a defeatist, isolated not only from his friends, but from his family, and finally killed. Yet, he never wavered from his convictions. In talking with the young men who had returned from the trenches, broken in mind and body, seeking to know of what use it had all been, Clerambault would reply,

"Your sufferings are not thrown away... The scourge of today is the explosion of evils which have ravaged Europe for ages; pride and cupidity. It is made up of conscienceless States, the disease of capitalism, and is become the monstrous machine called Civilization, full of intolerance, hypocrisy, and violence. Everything is breaking up; all must be done over again; it is a tremendous task, but do not speak of discouragement, for yours is the greatest work that has ever been offered to a generation." *

I like what he says, "We must offer love and help; day by day, and step by step. The world is not transformed by force, or by a miracle, in the twinkling of an eye; but second by second it moves forward in infinity and the humblest who feels it partakes of infinity. Patience, and let us not think that one wrong effaced will save humanity; it will only make one day bright, but other days and more light will come; each will bring its sun. You would

*ibid p. 187

...of a nation is upon the ground.

Of course, at a time when the nation is in a state of

they know not, as the nation is in a state of

certain nationalities, the nation is in a state of

cannot understand why they should be criticized in such a manner.

And can we wonder at it?

Characteristics are mentioned, namely, detached, called:

qualified, a detached, isolated not only from the nation, but from

his family, and finally, called. Yes, he never severed from his

community. In contact with the young men who had returned from

the trenches, broken in mind and body, seeking to know of what was

it had all been, characteristic could easily.

"Your collection are not carried away... The source of ideas

is the exclusion of evils which have ravaged Europe for years; in this

and finally. It is a collection of characteristics, the source

of collection, and it is because the collection is called collection

full of individuality, originality, and violence. Everything is a

long; all must be done over again; it is a characteristic, but

the end of the collection, for there is the greatest work

that has ever been offered in a collection."

I like what he says. "The most difficult thing is to say

and stop by step. The world is not transformed by force, but by a

struggle, in the struggle of an idea that is carried by reason and

forward in history, and the struggle is a struggle of ideas

finally. Resistance, and let us not think that one person is

ever necessary; all will have one day, but other days are

more light will come; and still more light will come.

not wish to stay its course?"

This is softer, kindlier, and yet with no less truth involved. There is a right time to speak and that time is when people are ready to listen. It is almost useless to proclaim even truths when one is blinded and deafened by hate and prejudice.

It is beautiful, also, at the time of Clerambault's death when his assassinator said, "I have killed the Adversary, the Enemy."

"A faint smile hovered on the dying man's lips as he looked at Vaucoux. 'My poor friend,' he thought, 'It is within you yourself that the Enemy lies,' -- his eyes closed... centuries seemed to pass.... 'There are no enemies...' " *

Is not the thing which Rolland has been striving so earnestly to accomplish being done now in rapid strides by means such as the following? The Literary Digest for February 23, 1929, has an article on the work of Dr. Harold Rugg, Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University. Dr. Rugg is scrapping the separate subjects of History, Civics, Geography, Economics, and Sociology, and combining them in a new course which he calls "Social Science." In this course the elementary grades and high school children will be provided with an economic, rather than political, interpretation of the world's history. This work is an attempt to condition the minds of school children to a whole nation to tolerance, peace, and an understanding of the world's peoples and problems instead of the glories and romance of war.

The rise and fall of kings and empires are often told in lines and sentences. The World War received 1700 words. The assassination

not what he really is, however."

This is softer, kinder, and yet with no less truth involved.

There is a right time to speak and that time is when people are

ready to listen. It is almost useless to provide any further

when one is divided and confused by hate and prejudice.

It is beautiful, also, at the time of Cleveland's death

when his assassin said, "I have killed the adversary, the Enemy."

"A fatal error," he said, "for the enemy has not been killed."

Remember, "My poor friend," he thought, "it is within your grasp."

Self, that the enemy has, -- his eyes closed... he has been added

to dead.... "There are no enemies...."

It was the time when John G. Seward had been striving so vainly

to establish peace here and in every other place by means such as the

following: The Atlantic City for February 22, 1879, was an address

on the part of Dr. Harold Bush, President of Education at Teachers'

College, Columbia University. Dr. Bush is surrounded by the

subjects of History, Civics, Geography, Economics, and Sociology.

and combining them in a new course which he calls "Social Science."

In this course the elementary grades and high school children will

be provided with an economic, rather than political, interpretation

of the world's history. This work is an attempt to provide the

study of social sciences to a wider range of tolerance, peace, and

an understanding of the world's peoples and problems instead of the

clashes and violence of war.

The idea and fall of these and other are often told in lines

and sentences. The work has involved 100 words. The explanation

of President Abraham Lincoln is told in thirty-eight words. The Civil War is presented in 2000 words. But to mechanical and industrial conquests chapters are devoted, and whole books to social and ethical problems which Dr. Rugg says have never before appeared in school books.

The experiment is now under way, and 600 000 of these textbooks have already been studied by school children in 300 school systems in thirty-eight states. *

Rolland's earnest desire in Au-dessus de la Mêlée was to preserve the youth of the nations. What could be more effective than the early training of children to bring about this desired result? An anachist school teacher in the United States was known to make this remark, "Give me one generation of children to bring up in school and there will no longer be a belief in God." How much more must its opposite be true, since it is founded on the principles of right. Give me one generation of children to bring up in schools and if properly trained there will no longer be a belief in war. Without a belief or a confidence in war, war cannot exist.

Lloyd George has made the statement that we should organize peace as effectively as we have organized war. Many people have voiced the opinion that the public schools have unlimited possibilities for the inculcation of peace sentiment which makes for good will toward all mankind.

Would not an emblem portraying peace and good will toward all mankind, if placed in the schools, with the understanding that it

* Literary Digest, Feb. 23, 1929

of President Andrew Lincoln's role in history. The
 civil war is presented in 2000 words. But the mechanical and in-
 detailed statistical data are devoted, and whole books to social
 and political problems which Dr. King says have never before appeared
 in school books.

The argument is now under way, and 200,000 of these text-
 books have already been sent to school children in 300 schools
 across in thirty-eight states. *

Holland's statement is in substance that the nation was to
 preserve the youth of the nation. That would be more effective than
 the early training of children to bring about this desired result.
 An organized school system in the United States was known to make
 this result, "Give us one generation of children to bring up in
 school and there will no longer be a belief in God." How much more
 than the country has done, since it is founded on the principles of
 right. Give us one generation of children to bring up in schools
 and it properly trained there will no longer be a belief in war.
 Without a belief or a confidence in war, war cannot exist.

Most people have made the statement that we should organize
 peace as effectively as we have organized war. Many people have
 voiced the opinion that the public schools have unlimited power
 for the inculcation of peace sentiment which makes for
 good will toward all mankind.

Would not an emotion portraying peace and good will toward all
 mankind, if placed in the schools, with the understanding that it

is being universally employed, be a worthy monitor to inculcate peace sentiment? Would it not help to unify effort and organize peace?

Another big growth in the progress of world peace, such as, it seems to me Rolland was striving for through his books, is being accomplished by the following plan. It is a proposition that labor should be conscripted equally with military service, and that there should be a conscription and mobilization of capital for the needs of the nation in time of war. The Wilson administration was well on its way to adopt this system through the activities of the War Industries Board, when the conflict ended. This plan would not be an absolute assurance against war, but it would be a great deterrent to war because it would at once remove the incentive to warlike intrigue by those who have found profit in war, and it would more nearly equalize the heavy burdens and the cruel sacrifices which armed conflict entails upon all classes in a community. This is not a substitute for international justice, or anything of that character, but it is offered merely as something which the United States can do alone. It is one more step in the progress of a better patriotism

How can it be denied that progress, and marked progress, is being made when journals and newspapers are fairly bristling with head lines referring to Armistice Day, World Peace, and World Fellowship. Some have stated that in no country where the people possess the right of veto can war be thinkable. Yet it is well even

to have universally accepted, for a world council to coordinate peace
 activities. World is not only a duty of duty and obligation peace
 should be carried out in the world of world peace, and so,
 it seems to me that we are living for through his book, in being
 established by the following idea. It is a proposition that peace
 should be carried out with military action, and that there
 should be a contribution to the solution of conflict for the world
 of the world in time of war. The administration has well to
 the way to start this action through the activities of the day
 to-day work, when the conflict ends. This plan would not
 be an absolute assurance against war, but it would be a great step
 toward it and because it would be more than the incentive to
 realize things by those who have that spirit in war, and so
 would more nearly equalize the heavy burden and the actual activities
 which these states should realize when all things are a necessity.
 This is not a substitute for international justice, or anything of
 that character, but it is offered simply as something which the
 United States can do alone. It is one more step in the progress
 of a better world.
 Now can it be denied that progress, and indeed progress, is
 being made when journals and newspapers are fairly dealing with
 and thus referring to America, World Peace, and World Affairs
 and have stated that in no country have the people been
 and the right of vote has not been the same. Let it be well over

in days of contentment that there should remain memory of the dark days of suffering and disaster. It is well to keep in the political consciousness, at least, the fact that war in four years can tear down more than industry can rebuild in forty.

"Lord God of host, be with us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget."
(Kipling)

The Current Events Magazine (Feb. 6, 1928) says, "You undergraduates will have to fight the next war, so it is your job to prevent it. We must change the hearts and minds of men so that they will think in terms of peace and not of struggle."

The desire for peace and the conviction that peace is possible of realization are stimulated by just such discussions as those now being carried on. The more the possibilities of establishing peace are dwelt upon, the nearer we approach its actual experience. It is coming to be more generally recognized than ever that good does not come out of evil; and that war is barbarous, indecent and unchristian. It is because of the awakening in one's consciousness to the horrors and barbarism of war that the general movement against it has been given impetus.

Nationalism is a good thing so long as we remember that it is not the final word. It is right to love our nation, so long as we remember that there is a world outside the nation, and that all the nations in the world are embraced in the larger unity of the race. There is danger in the fervid nationalism of these days. It menaces the world's peace. With its emphasis on national interests, national prestige, national honor, envy, jealousy, hatred, it provokes

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dark days of suffering and disaster. It is well to keep in the
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years can take more than twenty in forty.

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lest we forget: lest we forget."
(Kipling)

The Current Events Magazine (Nov. 8, 1914) says, "You under-

standers will have to fight the next war, so it is your job to
prepare it. It must change the hearts and minds of men so that they
will think in terms of peace and not of strategy."

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nations in the world are embraced in the larger unity of the race.
There is danger in the fervid nationalism of these days. It breeds
the world's peace. With its emphasis on national interests, and
local prestige, national honor, envy, jealousy, hatred, it provokes

what Lord Hugh Cecil has called "an exaggerated nationalism." It promotes friction and strife. The truth needs to be brought home to the minds of men. We are all the same family in one great household. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Swiss, Americans, we are all brothers together; but the realization of this must come through a spiritual force. This will bring international peace. People are learning more and more every day that happiness does not come through material means. Even the scientists are thinking of turning more to the study of God and prayer. When the world looks toward spiritual values we shall see more advancement in one generation than has been seen in several. The thinking of the world will be changed, however, only as the thinking of the individuals of which it is comprised is changed; so that each one has his part to perform. Liberty is a mental condition which results from right thinking and right acting.

Not long ago I attended the theater in order to see the moving picture, The Enemy. It impressed me deeply. Lillian Gish played the role of a young German girl whose fiancé had left for the World War, to fight against the French and Allies. Her father was a professor in one of the colleges of Vienna. Just as war was declared he was giving a lecture to the students on the subject of love and hate. He made the remark that war should be against hatred in our hearts instead of being manifested against sister nations. Excited by the thoughts of war, his students did not understand him at all. They even threw books and stones at him. made fun of him. and left him in the empty chapel.

what Lord High God has called "an exaggerated nationalism."
 It suggests friction and strife. The first lesson to be brought
 home to the minds of men. We are all the same family in the great
 household. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Swiss, Americans, we
 are all brothers together; but the realization of this great unity
 through a spiritual force. This will bring international peace.
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 Not long ago I attended the theater in order to see the
 play the Enemy. It interested me deeply. William H. Hall
 played the role of a young German girl whose blood had been for the
 world war, to fight against the French and British. Her father
 was a professor in one of the colleges of Vienna. Just as war was
 declared he was giving a lecture to his students on the subject of
 love and hate. He made the point that war should be resisted
 rather than in our hearts instead of being manifested as an external
 action. Excited by the thought of war, his students did not
 understand him at all. They even threw books and stones at him.
 Some two of him, and left him in the empty chapel.

The professor, all alone with his thoughts which were too great for his pupils to comprehend, looked at the empty seats and murmured, "They are not cowards, they just can't think." He realized clearly that because of conflicting emotions caused by the war they were not expressing their true natures.

The story presents the fact that the Germans suffered as keenly as the French and other nations did during the late war. And, as the professor had also said, "All the countries were fighting for God and for what they believed to be right."

One day, on the battle lines, several young Germans declared peace long enough to exchange cigarettes for beef with the Russian soldiers, while others did the same thing with the English and the French. This proved that hatred was losing its power over them.

At the close of the picture, the professor is seen again lecturing to many of the youths who before had so cruelly resented his teachings. He repeated what he had told these same young men before they had tasted the bitter experience of war; that our greatest enemy is hatred -- the only enemy we need to fight. This time, everyone applauded him and the worthy professor, who had suffered so much because of their antagonism before the war, was happy, now, for he saw that they could think.

Three years ago, when I was in Boston, I saw in a cinéma, another picture which has delighted me. It was named Barbed Wire. The heroine, Gloria Swanson, was a young French girl who found herself during the World War at the head of her farm where several German soldiers, prisoners, were installed as workmen. This was in one

The professor all along with the thought which was the great
for his whole life's work, lived in the early years and matured
"they are not conscious, that they are not," he realized clearly
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time, everyone applauded him and the young professor, who had
suffered so much because of their antagonism before the war, was
happy, now, for he saw that they could think.

"Three years ago, when I was in Russia, I was in a village,
another village which has disappeared now. It was named Radzivil.
The heroine, Anna, was a young French girl who found herself
during the World War at the head of her farm where several German
soldiers, officers, were installed as prisoners. This was in 1914

of the smallest villages of France. The girl's father was too ill to work and the brother, of course, had left to fight in the French army.

As the story progresses, the sister fell in love with one of the young German soldiers. When the father learned of the state of affairs he died as a result of the painful shock. The friends of the family, living in the same neighborhood, were extremely angry with the young girl. They implored her to give up her lover, but her love was too resolute for that. Then the young German wrote to his own mother in Germany, asking her permission to bring his fiancée home. The reply to the letter which he awaited with so much impatience and eagerness astounded him. His mother was filled with animosity and hatred for the French. She even went so far as to say that she would disown her son if he continued to love this girl of the enemy. The neighbors in the little French village now hated the young man whom the girl loved, to such an extent that they insisted upon his leaving immediately. And if the young girl would not promise to forget her lover entirely, they avowed they would drive her also from the country with him, they did not wish any traitors in the village.

It was a severe struggle for the two young people. In spite of the war between their native countries they loved each other. Each admired the qualities they saw in the other. It was not easy for a young girl to part from home, her childhood friends, her country torn by war; but she was forced to do it.

Just as she was leaving the farm, surrounded by the towns people mocking, jeering, some one cried out to her, "Wait! Wait! Here is

of the smallest villages of France. The girl's father was too ill to work and the husband, or partner, had left to fight in the French army.

As the story progressed, the sister fell in love with one of the young German soldiers. When the father learned of the state of affairs he died as a result of the painful shock. The friends of the family, living in the same neighborhood, were extremely sorry with the young girl. They insisted that she give up her lover, but her love was too resolute for that. Then the young German wrote to his two sisters in Germany, asking her permission to bring his fiancée home. The reply to the letter which he awaited with so much expectation and eagerness answered him. His mother was filled with animosity and hatred for the French. She even went so far as to say that she would disown her son if he continued to love this girl of the enemy. The neighbors in the little French village now hated the young man who the girl loved, to such an extent that they insisted upon his leaving immediately. And if the young girl would not promise to forget her lover entirely, they stated they would drive her and him from the country with him, they did not wish any trouble in the village.

It was a severe struggle for the two young people. In spite of the war between their native countries they loved each other. Each desired the position they saw in the other. It was not easy for a young girl to leave her home, her childhood friends, her country from the war; but she was forced to do it. Just as she was leaving the town, surrounded by the French people shouting, "Halt! Halt! Halt!" some one called out to her, "Wait! Wait! Wait!"

your brother." Her brother whom she believed dead, had returned. The towns people quickly explained the situation to him. After having heard their story, he said, joining the hands of his sister and her lover, "It was a German who saved my life and cared for me, for I am now blind. We are all brothers and we all have need of love. The majority of the Germans do not want war. They have cared for me and nursed me as though I were their brother. Great love and understanding cure everything.

The crowd listened, deeply stirred. One after another bowed his head as the full import of the young man's words became clear to him. Hatred had been replaced by the spirit of brotherly love.

This film appeared eight years after the World War. It was enthusiastically accepted. I looked around the immense theater. Everyone was satisfied. They seemed to understand the lesson which had been presented. I saw this same picture a second time in another city. There was this same atmosphere of contentment.

I talked with several of my friends concerning this film. They approved of it highly. They said several times, "Yes, it is the only truth." But this opinion was given during a period of peace, eight years after the War. They were not cowards, and at that period they "could think."

Is not the thought brought out in the two moving pictures the same one which Romain Rolland has upheld? As I looked at the old professor and thought of the kindness and love he expressed throughout all his suffering, I asked myself, "Is he not

your mother. Her mother was she believed dead, but returned. The
young woman's father explained the situation to him. After having
heard their story, he said, joining the hands of his sister and
her lover, "It was a German who saved my life and cared for me, for
I am now blind. We are all indebted to you all have need of love.
The subject of the German is not what we want. They have cared for
us and helped us as though I were their brother. Great love and
understanding over everything.

The crowd listened, deeply stirred. One after another passed
the word to the full house of the young and a word because clear
to him. He had been troubled by the spirit of brotherly love.
This little story about the young man and the World War. It was
extraordinarily simple. I looked around the immense theater.
Everyone was excited. They seemed to understand the lesson which
had been presented. I saw this same picture a second time in
another city. There was this same atmosphere of understanding.
I talked with several of the artists concerning this film.
They approved of it highly. They said several times, "Yes, it
is the only thing." But this picture was shown during a period of
peace, right after the war. They were not cowardly, and at
that period they "don't think."

Is not the picture present out in the two moving pictures the
same one which people believe has appeared? As I looked at the
old professor and his love of the kindness and love he expressed
towards all his suffering. I asked myself, "Is he not

another Romain Rolland? Rolland has glimpses of the ideal, but part of the world at this time, to quote the professor, just "can't think."

and the British Government. The British Government, but
part of the world at this time, as the British, 1902
"and the world."

The Devotion to his Ideals

In my reading, many references have been made to the various articles published against Romain Rolland during the war. I understand that some bitter attacks on his attitude have appeared in American papers. I have tried to obtain many of the articles in order to express my approval or to contradict them, as the case might be, but they have been unavailable, both in this country and in France. The articles which have received the brunt of criticism are those published in the volume "Above the Battle" of which I have already spoken. In the "Letter to Hauptmann" after the destruction of Louvain by the German army, Rolland called upon Hauptmann, as the spokesman of the German elite, to protest against such a deed and to disavow it. Instead of the response he had expected, however, there arose a loyal support from the German people for their few leaders who had performed the cruel outrage.

Romain Rolland has a strong friend in Marion Bowler, Professor of French Literature at Simmons College, with whom I had a delightful interview. She knows Romain Rolland personally and has spent many happy hours in his beautiful home in Switzerland. Rolland's sister, Madeleine, devotes all of her time to her brother's interests, reading, managing the home, and translating articles for him. As Miss Bowler gave me a verbal picture of their secluded life, I was reminded of the similarity existing between Romain Rolland's home life and that of Wordsworth who, when in the Lake Region of England,

was attended by the helpful companionship of his sister Dorothy.

Rolland has had a particular sympathy for the country of Switzerland. He speaks through the mouth of Christophe in saying, "Christophe avait de la sympathie pour ces hommes qui cherchent moins à paraître qu'à être, et qui, sous le vernis récent d'un industrialisme ultramoderne, conservent certains des traits les plus reposants de l'ancienne Europe rustique et bourgeoise." *

Miss Bowler has written several articles in defense of Romain Rolland which have been published in the Nation (Vol. 102)

In one of these articles when referring to Rolland's exhortation that nations should be more loyal, Miss Bowler says, "Instead of working to extinguish the fire, they are stirring it; and in so doing they are revealing the weakness of our two moral powers, Christianity and Socialism. Nay, more, they are betraying their country in its greatest need, for, while crime must be stopped (Rolland agrees to that), it is not consonant with a great people to take vengeance; it has done enough if it has re-established right. The love of country which leads men to give their hearts and bodies does not and should not carry with it hatred of other countries. Duty, therefore, requires of those who claim intellectual and moral leadership to protect the spirit, over which nothing has any right since the 'spirit is light', and to lift the thought of Europe above the tempest and disperse the clouds that try to obscure it."

Rolland desires that France shall be loved and be victorious, not through force alone, but by being in the right, and even more

* Nation, Feb., 10, 1916. Vol. 102. The Position of Romain Rolland
Sup. 6-7 by Marion Bowler

was attended by the national representatives of his country.
Holland has had a particular sympathy for the country of
Belgium. It speaks through the mouth of Belgium in every
"Conscience" article as its sympathetic partner and champion.
And it carries on its work, as ever, with its own recent
industrial revolution, connecting it with the world's
plus reputation as a modern Europe of progress.
Miss Fowler has written several articles in Holland of Holland
Holland which have been published in the Nation (Vol. 102)
In one of these articles with reference to Holland's expectations
that nations should be more loyal, Miss Fowler says, "Instead of
working to extinguish the fire, they are actually setting it on
doing they are revealing the weakness of our own moral powers,
unintentionally and Socialism. Nay, more, they are betraying their
country in the greatest need, for, while others stand by and
(Holland agrees to that), it is not content with a quiet people to
take vengeance; it has done enough if it has re-established right.
The love of country which leads men to give their hearts and bodies
does not and should not carry with it hatred of other countries.
But, therefore, regardless of those who claim intellectual and moral
leadership to protect the spirit, over which nation has any right
since the 'spirit is light', and to lift the thought of Europe above
the lowest and darkest the clouds that try to obscure it."
Holland desires that France shall be loved and be victorious,
not through force alone, but by being in the right, and even more

by the superiority of her great generous heart. He wants to see her big enough to fight without hatred (which is a lesson many of us individuals have not been able to learn as yet) and even those whom she is obliged to strike down in order to show them their place must be pitied and helped after they have been rendered incapable of doing harm. For, after all, the things which unite us spring from deeper roots of our being than the things which separate us.

Rolland believes that it is the solemn duty of the leaders to help open the eyes of these people blinded by pride, and to show them the better way. It is beautiful to want to open the eyes of our countrymen and to yearn to help them, but many will not be helped, nor will they strive to grasp the deeper sense of right until through suffering and heart break they helplessly reach up for the higher and the spiritual. Romain Rolland has grasped the ideal to a great extent and has tried to bring it to the world, but patience must have her perfect work. He believes that if in times of peace we need to prepare for war, much more should we in time of war prepare for peace.

Miss Bowler, in the course of her conversation told me that Rolland, who was beyond the age of active military service, being in Vevy, Switzland, at the time, offered his services to the Red Cross, International Agency for Prisoners of War. He wanted to do anything and everything he could to help those in need. In connection with this work he took the opportunity to render

assistance to friends of the ones who were maligning him in France.

Rolland also refused to give up those of his German friends who had not, like Hauptmann, relinquished their common ideals, and he felt as expressed in Jean Christophe that in a crisis between two countries, the "duty and happiness of friends like himself (Olivier) and Christophe was to love one another and to keep their reason uncontaminated by the general upheaval."^{10*} As Romain Rolland was unable physically to enter the service he gave his life to his country-men by guiding them, keeping his own reason clear, and mentally holding to his spiritual ideals.

Other men, such as Anatole France, and Octave Mirabeau, adhered to their ideals of right by supporting their government in the crisis. They were doing their duty as Rolland was doing his. Romain Rolland maintained that true peace is attained only by means of the spiritual realization of brotherly love. This does not mean that Rolland would permit his enemies to enter his home, mutilate his goods, steal his children. He would indeed stoop to the level of his enemy if necessary, and show him his place by means of force, make clear to him his mistaken viewpoint; but meanwhile he would try to retain an unselfish love for him as a brother, seeing him, another man, like himself, in reality desiring peace, happiness, love, even though he may be temporarily beclouded by his false human beliefs of hatred, revenge, and distrust. War may be necessary to awaken people, to awaken nations to divert their concentrated belief in material rewards, which in themselves are fleeting, to a more permanent

*ibid Sup. 6-7

foundation of spiritual values. If this step of war is necessary, we may, however, enter the conflict with the goal of spiritual values to be gained so clearly outlined in our minds that hatred can hold no place there. This, to my mind, was the mission of Romain Rolland. The world in many instances has not understood him. But why should it? People are not accustomed to thinking in these channels. It is a break from the commonly accepted views of mankind, it is a revolt from what we have termed Naturalism.

I understand that Bergson, the well known philosopher, and Professor Auland, of the Sorbonne, both wrote ill-founded and cruel attacks on Rolland, and Henri Massis in L'Opinion and L'Action Française attempted to belittle Jean Christophe as an aid in hurting Rolland's reputation. People even pretended not to know Romain Rolland nor recognize that he was French. His friends who wished to be loyal could receive no hearing whatsoever through the press.*

Several men, Jacques Mesnil, of the Mecure de France; Henri Guilbeaux, of Demain; Jean Longuet, a Socialist Deputy; Maxmilien Luce, an artist; Professor Paul Seippel, of Geneva and others wanted to defend him, but it was only through private periodicals of the Swiss press that they could express themselves.

Through the conflict Rolland wrote the following to Henri Guilbeaux in Sept. 1914. "We must not yield to discouragement. After this horrible war our tasks will be greater and finer than

*ibid Sup. 6-7

ever. Difficult, without doubt. Perilous, perhaps. But what of that? And so much the better!"

"He who determines to defend peace among men in the midst of war, feels that he is risking his faith, his tranquillity, his reputation, and even his friends; but what is a faith worth for which one risks nothing?" Again he writes, "I, too, have passed through a cruel crisis, not only without but within, so many duties, passions, and hostile instincts. Now, I have seen the light, so far as I am concerned, and I know my duty. It will bring me face to face with those madmen who are feeding on hatred, and it will rouse dangerous rancor against me. But we do not choose our duty, it imposes itself. Mine, with the help of those who share my opinions, is to save from the flood the wreck of European thought," *

This is certainly beautiful and noble, but I would rather say his fight is not only for European thought, but for the thought of the world in general. Even before the war he wrote, "I am not a soldier in the army of force, I am a soldier in the army of the spirit, and I will not be a party to hatred. I will be just to all my enemies. In the midst of passion I need to preserve the clarity of my vision, to understand and love everything." **

Rolland is trying to exemplify his attitude as expressed in those letters. He believes that France and Germany should complement each other, even as the strength and virility of Jean Christophe round out and make more complete the intuitive and refined nature of Olivier in Jean Christophe. He would harmonize the genius of France

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and that of Germany.

He saw from the beginning that this was a war over spiritual values even though the result was evinced by an upheaval in mortal values. As he expressed in his letter to Henri Guilbeaux, "The watch word of the future must be tolerance, human fraternity placed above doctrine and differing faiths." *

"You," he said, referring to his enemies, "are thinking of victory; I am thinking of the peace which will follow it. Hatred, which is more deadly than war, for it is an infection produced by its wounds, and it does as much harm to him it possesses as to him it pursues." **Rolland believes that the active participants of the wars, that is, the soldiers in the trenches do not feel such hatred. They were too close to these men whom they were killing, not to realize that they were men like themselves, fighting for the ideals of their own countries. This thought I have already brought out in speaking of the film Barbed Wire. I have been very much interested in quotations from letters written by boys in the service as given me by Miss Bowler.

For months some of the letters written in the trenches by men in every walk of life: soldiers, officers, writers, were published every month in the Revue Mensuelle, of Geneva, which is one of the publications defending Romain Rolland. A few lines taken from some of them are here given:

"In the light of the brutality of facts I have judged my former masters. In them I sought consolation, support,

* In Defense of Romain Rolland, Nation, Vol. 103, pp. 484, 485
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and that of Germany.

He has from the beginning that this was a very serious spiritual
failure even though the results are delayed by an interval in mortal
values. As he explained in his letter to Henry Cabot Lodge, "The
value of the future must be postponed, hence temporarily closed
above history and history itself."

"You," he said, "referring to his answer, 'The Christian of
history: I am convinced of the same when will follow it. History,
which is more than that, but it is an historical process of
the world, and it does as much more to him it concerns as to him.
It is a process, a historical process, that the action of the world
and, that the world, in the history of the world, is not a static
thing, but it is a thing that is always in motion, and it is
moving that they were not like themselves, history, for the history
of itself was founded. This history I have already written and
in question of the History of the World. I have been very much inter-
ested in questions of history written by him in the history of
himself as of the world."

Now comes one of the letters written in the language by me
in every case of the world, history, which, were published
every month in the History of the World, which is one of the
most important historical books of the world. A few lines taken from one
of them are given:

"In the light of the history of the world I have judged my

encouragement, and I found that they were incapable of understanding me. What admirations I have lost! But that I felt for Romain Rolland has only grown." (Corporal R.V.)

The poet, Maurice Martinet says that Rolland's voice comes as the conscience of the silent. Many silent through cowardice.

Another in the artillery writes: "There are soldiers at the front who, like Rolland, try not to tarnish their patriotism with hatred and vengeance."

J.B.R. novelist, officer, and recipient of the Croix de Guerre writes, "We doctors, artists, writers, professors, have had to give up the use we made of our strength in times of peace, in order to strain every effort with a sort of fixed intoxication towards this unique end -- the defeat of Germany. I salute as a brother in arms the man who has strained all his own strength towards this end -- the defeat of this spirit of jealousy, misunderstanding, injury, reciprocal scorn, and hatred among nations; the defeat of the spirit of material enterprise against the liberty of neighboring countries. For one of these victories without the other would be an immense miscarriage."

Another soldier expresses himself, "Our man at the front is Romain Rolland. We have only scorn for those who, in the rear, preach hatred. We have made the sacrifice of our lives, but we do not want to die hating."

A boy of twenty writes, "Since you are speaking to the two countries, sir, tell those poor Germans, who must moan as we do over so much suffering, that there are men in France who feel only

consideration for them, and that even while fighting them, we pity them for their misery, like unto our own. We cannot survive so much sadness save by love."

As is commonly believed by the majority today, Europe has been going through a destructive period. At least it is a breaking up of the older conventional customs, beliefs, and modes of thought. One cannot fill a vessel already full. Before the new and spiritual enter to take root, the former beliefs must be at least partially removed. Romain Rolland is marked by his constructive qualities. The war has been a test of the real spirit of Europe as opposed to the worldly, mortal beliefs of the various countries. By means of this revolt from any belief in or acknowledgement of these passions he hopes there will develop a realization, "a symphony" of harmony, a new and a truer patriotism which shall not be cognizant of hatred between countries.

Some one has said that before this may be accomplished there must be wiped out the petty differences between neighbors, towns, cities, races, creeds, protestants, catholics, and that this seems well-nigh impossible. I agree that it is a stupendous task, but as these various quarrels grow they become more and more horrible, and people are aroused by their very hideousness to seek for a solution of these entanglements. It is then that they look, in even a small degree, a recourse to a spiritual foundation -- and Lo! -- the work is begun.

It may take a thing as terrible as this late war, aided in its destructive antipathy by the advanced stages of modern invention and education in science, to really arouse a few of us from

our contented slumber and make us stretch, yawn and open one eye at least, to look for ideas in a League of Nations, an interest in world conferences, and a belief in a world court. This is distinctly an advanced step. However, if it necessitates a thing so full of horror and inhuman tactics such as a world war to advance the thought of world peace and brotherly consideration to this stage in the game, it may be true that we shall need more lessons to awaken us from our apathy. Spirituality is not gained at a single bound, but it is a gradual growth and an awakening to the worthwhile values of life after all.

I firmly believe that what has been accomplished since the World War has been wonderful, whether the good begins in terms of nations and works down, or in terms of individuals and works up, it cannot be in vain; it must and is already bearing fruit.

In the years to come when these animosities are forgotten, Rolland will be better loved and appreciated. The values for which he has striven are so new (and yet they are as old as Christ) and unsought by humanity in general, that the world is not awakened to the full significance of what he is fighting. It is a struggle for the supremacy of calm unprejudiced reason and practical brotherly love.

Paul Seippel has said, "Son mérite, c'est de l'avoir montré: magnifique victoire de l'esprit pur! La pierre de David plantée dans le crâne de Goliath." *

As I have previously tried to bring out in this paper, I admire Rolland for his gift as a literary genius although there is a

* L'Homme et Son Oeuvre, Seippel. p. 19

not mentioned in the text, but it is clear that the
at least, to look for ideas in a League of Nations, an attempt to
world conferences, and a belief in a world court. This is the
likely an advanced view. However, it is a mistaken thing to
tell of order and international law as a world war to advance
the progress of world peace and properly consideration to this stage
in the past, it may be true that we shall need some lessons to
learn as from our history. Internationalism is not a thing of a single
bond, but it is a gradual growth and an evolution to the world
while values of life after all.

I firmly believe that what has been accomplished since the
World War has been wonderful. Whether the road begins in terms of
nations and world peace, or in terms of individuals and work up, it
exists in the world; it must and it already bearing fruit.
In the years to come when these conditions are forgotten,
Galland will be better loved and remembered. The values for
which he has suffered are as new (and yet they are as old as Christ)
and universal of humanity in general. That the world is not ashamed
to the full significance of what he is fighting. It is a struggle
for the supremacy of calm unselfish reason and practical progress
over

Paul Galland has said, "Don't let's, 'c'est de l'ordre mondial."
respecting the victory of the League of Nations and the world peace
that is the order of Galland."
As I have previously tried to bring out in this paper, I am
also Galland for his life as a literary critic although there is a
"L'homme de son temps." Galland, 1919.

sarcastic, ironical strain perceptible, now in bold, harsh strokes and again veiled by mere insinuations. It has not the indifference of Anatole France; it is more buoyant. It takes the morbid, unbalanced strain of Maupassant while underlying it all is an idealism which reaches out and tries to love humanity as it is.

Possibly this is the point where I diverge from Rolland. He has written hundreds and hundreds of pages depicting human life as it is, swelling on its mistakes, its failures, its agonies, its sufferings, its discouragements. From all these trials his various characters are supposed to win or glean happiness. I wonder if this is all necessary? Does it bring happiness, does it clear our vision to read of endless struggle after struggle? Do we teach a pupil to work a problem in Algebra by revealing the mistaken figures of the others in the class? Do we learn to reach out for better things because of having accompanied Jean Christophe through countless nightmares? Would one day of Clerambault's suffering have sufficed to show us our own position in the matter?

At my present state of development my answer is this: "If a crooked stick is before us, we need not explain how crooked it is. Lay a straight one down by the side of it and the work will be done. Preach the truth and error will stand abashed in its presence."

Spurgeon

Summary

In the interview graciously granted to me by Lucien Price, an editor for the Boston Globe, and a personal friend of Romain Rolland, I was given a portrait of Rolland. This portrait, Mr. Price said, was none other than the one portrayed by P.J.Jouve in his book Romain Rolland Vivant.

Since having referred to so many of the mental attributes of M. Rolland it seems only fitting to me that in a summary the following picture of the author should be given. The impression as a whole makes us feel that we have actually associated with the man.

We see first of all his large blue eyes, blue as the sea, serious and pure, with a keen glance. They seem to reflect his very life and spirit. They are an expression of his soul. His forehead is high, his nose straight, his mouth fine and sensitive. Rolland is tall, slender, and a little bent. He dresses in a plain dark suit. When seated at a table he writes with a light, nervous motion, when seated in an arm chair, his legs crossed, his thin hand under his chin, he talks with a soft voice and one full of kindness.

At times, especially when urged by a friend, he will seat himself at the piano and play many pages of Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, musicians whom he greatly admires. Here he loses himself, he becomes like another man and his glance seems to say, "Hein, où sommes-nous, tous deux? Voici la beauté divin. Sois heureux."

Rolland, as did Beethoven, loves to walk in the country,

Romain Rolland Vivant, J.P.Jouve, Paris, P. Ollendorff. 1920

Page 20

3rd. edit.

to drink in the beauty from the grass, and the trees, to feel the strength of the mountains, and to sense the truth of things. It is this very earnest desire of Rolland to reach the truth of things, and to bring this truth to the world in general that I have attempted to show throughout this paper. Should I give a detailed summary I fear that this chapter would be far too long to be practical.

In the preface I have listed the personal letters received from Romain Rolland, Professor Alcide de Andria, André Maurois, and Maeterlinck.

The first chapter contains a definition of the term Naturalism, a comparison of the Naturalistic movement with its broader field of Realism, and the vivifying, deeper significance brought to literature by the quality of Idealism.

Chapter two relates the chief historical events of the life of Romain Rolland, beginning with his childhood and school days, touching on his love for music, his artistic gifts, and his search for metaphysical truth. His friendship with Tolstoi is referred to, and finally, his awakening to the conception of the goal and purpose to which he wished to devote his entire life.

He began to reform the theater, or at least, to bring to the people as a whole, a People's Theater. His various dramas, depicting scenes of the Revolution, were written with the intention of appealing to the masses and they were to be presented in the People's Theater. These plays were not successful.

Romain Rolland attempted a new line of work in producing many

to drive in the beauty from the grass, and the trees, to feel the
atmosphere of the mountains, and to know the truth of things. It
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fear that this chapter would be far too long to be practical.

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from Edwin Holland, Professor Alois de Andia, André Camille, and
Maurice.

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a comparison of the Nationalist movement with its practical field of
action, and the vitality, deeper significance brought to literature
by the quality of Nationalism.

Chapter two relates the chief historical events of the life of
Edwin Holland, beginning with his childhood and school days, contin-
ing on his love for music, his artistic gifts, and his search for
metaphysical truth. His friendship with Tolstoy is referred to,
and finally, his awakening to the conception of the good and per-
fect to which he wished to devote his entire life.

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ple's Theater. These plays were not successful.
Edwin Holland attempted a new line of work in producing many

charming and comprehensive biographies. A review of the five following is given in chapter four: Millet, Beethoven, Michel Angelo, Tolstoi, Mahatma Gandhi.

The novel Jean Christophe is so vast a work that it could very well be a thesis in itself. I have touched upon the life of its hero, Jean Christophe, the significance of his German nationality which enabled him to judge the French from an outsider's viewpoint, his heart-rending struggles in adjusting himself to existing conditions, his stimulating and intimate friendship with Olivier who represented the true heart of France, his peaceful contact with Grazia who stood for the happy, sunny skies of Italy, and finally, the exceptionally wonderful spirit of contentment which pervades the last pages.

I have commented on several of the more important characters, and I have tried to bring out the blending of the spirit of the three countries, Germany, France, and Italy. I have mentioned the pantheistic tendencies of Romain Rolland and I have regretfully referred to his habit of criticizing others. His power of creating a desired atmosphere is marvellous. His word pictures are veritable works of art. In treating the style of Rolland's writing I have hesitated in quoting so many passages, but it seems almost a sacrilege to use anything but the author's own words, so aptly are they chosen. Sometimes it seems that he is fairly lifted out of himself, so wonderful are his portrayals. Surely he is a genius.

It has been brought to my attention that Jean Christophe was written more or less in a spirit of rebound following the realization

character and descriptive passages. A review of the five
following is given in chapter four: Miller, Beethoven, Michelangelo,
Voltaire, Webster, Gandhi.

The novel John Christopher is an exact work that it could very
well be a thesis in itself. I have touched upon the life of its
hero, John Christopher, the significance of his German nationality,
which enabled him to judge the French from an outsider's viewpoint,
his heart-rending struggles in adjusting himself to existing con-
ditions, his extraordinary and intimate friendships with Oliver who
represented the true heart of France, his personal contact with
Greta who stood for the happy, sunny side of Italy, and finally,
the educationally valuable result of contemplation which pervades
the last novel.

I have commented on several of the more important characters,
and I have tried to bring out the blending of the spirit of the three
countries, Germany, France, and Italy. I have mentioned the per-
sonal tendencies of Horatio Holland and I have repeatedly re-
ferred to his habit of brilliant observation. His power of creating
a detailed atmosphere is marvellous. His word pictures are veritable
works of art. In describing the style of Holland's writing I have

hesitated in trying to make progress, but it seems almost a
sacrilege to use anything but the author's own words, so aptly are
they chosen. Sometimes it seems as if he is fairly lifted out of
himself, so wonderful are his metaphors. Surely he is a genius.
It has been brought to my attention that John Christopher was

written more or less in a spirit of rebound following the realization

of the fact that Romain Rolland's marriage was not a happy one. He literally threw himself into his work with the intense desire to forget. This concentration served as an outlet which helped him to gain his poise.

Colas Breugnon has been alluded to in this paper more as a mental recreation, a recess from the concentrated study of the condition of Europe as portrayed in Jean Christophe with all its treatises on art, music, social problems, politics, and Revolutions. It has been a mental relief to me, as well, in studying the more intense works of the author.

Finally, I have dwelt upon the book giving the vision of international idealism. Above the Battle, with its imperishable note of justice, has poured forth the ideals of a faith that Rolland believed impregnable. It has brought the message of a new concept -- the brotherhood of man. The author's role as a peace-maker was scarcely appreciated. Even the minority, whom he had expected to remain loyal, deserted him. To them he addresses a message in a declaration of freedom as brought out in the book, Clerambault. This was a direct result of the war. It is somewhat a haven for the troubled soul of Rolland, propounding a philosophy which is the evidence of a restoration to a more peaceful state of mind following Liluli. It is a direct appeal to the minority who had deserted him during the war. Rolland must speak even if they choose to remain silent and desert him.

M. Rolland has remained true to his ideals. He stands alone,

It was that Robert Rolland's courage was not a happy one.
He himself knew himself that his work with the League was
in danger. This momentary crisis was in itself a great
test to his courage.

His courage has been added to in this case as a
social revolution, a revolution that has been added to the
revolution of Europe as portrayed in Les Évolués with all its
revolutions on art, music, social problems, politics, and Revolution.
It has been a great relief to me, as well, in studying the new
social work of the League.

Finally, I have found upon the book the value of in-
ternational relations. Les Évolués, with its international

note of justice, has shown to the world of a world that
cannot believe in justice. It has brought the message of a new
concept -- the brotherhood of man. The world's tale as a peace-
maker has already been written. Even the primitive, when he has ex-
posed to man's love, has shown him. In fact he has shown a new
age in a description of justice as a world, not in the past, there-
fore. This is a direct result of the war. It is a message a

new for the troubled soul of mankind, representing a philosophy
which is the only one of a new world to a new peaceful state of
the world. It is a direct result of the war, which is
the greatest of all the war. Rolland must speak even if they
choose to remain silent and death.

V. Rolland was a man of true to his ideals. He speaks of

as the strong so often stand; but his gospel of brotherhood is spreading over the world.

I have brought out the idea that the thought devoted to Peace Conferences, the League of Nations, the new type of textbooks introduced in schools for the training of the young people, the messages developed in the theaters, are all the result of the leadership of such beacon lights as men like Rolland. Romain Rolland has remained firm to his purpose.

In conversing with Mr. Price, I asked him if he did not believe that all these bits of progress were steps in the ultimate accomplishment desired by Romain Rolland. He replied that they were such feeble steps and such slow advances compared with the results anticipated by men like Rolland and himself that at times it seemed most discouraging.

The wide range covered by Romain Rolland in his writings seems almost incomprehensible. The field is too broad for me to appreciate it. I have learned many things, but it would take years to comprehend all of his allusions to subjects of History, Art, Philosophy, Music, and Politics.

It is unusual for a writer to be capable of covering such an immense field. With all my study of this subject I still marvel at his capabilities and at the courage which enables him to remain strong, though almost alone, in his devotion to his ideals.

as the author of the book; but the subject of the book is not
the one I have in mind.

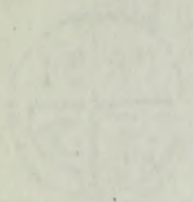
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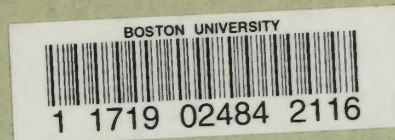
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It is unusual for a writer to be capable of covering such an
extensive field. With all of this subject I still remain at
the beginning and at the end of the subject which makes it so
difficult. The book I have in mind is the book I have in mind.
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